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# The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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## American Style

THERE has been a space waiting on the shelf, beside the "Oxford Book of English Verse," for the "Oxford Book of English Prose,"* if indeed that excellent anthology of poetry has ever been long on a shelf, its place being more often in the pocket or open upon the library table. But can an anthology be made of prose, which is so much less concentrated than poetry and requires so much more context for its appreciation, the units of which are not small but large? Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has perhaps followed the only possible method. He has read widely and taken what he liked, not attempting to present authors where he finds no brief wholes that please him, not letting space assigned be a criterion of greatness. And he has striven to make his book as English in spirit as possible, for it is the prose that voices the English heart and relieves the English soul which arouses the faculty of choice in this Cornishman.

It is a readable book, but the principles of selection result in some interesting reflections upon the tastes of a Professor of English Literature in Cambridge. He does not like the kind of prose that women write. Among three hundred odd names in the panoply of English prose, where Rupert Brooke and Compton Mackenzie and James Hopwood Jeans and H. G. Wells and John Murnet and A. B. Walkley have their place among our contemporaries, only seventeen in six centuries are those of women writers. True, there were few women writers before the Eighteenth Century, and yet seventeen is small pickings for the sex! More instructive is his attitude toward the Americans.

"Q" likes Americans when they write most like Englishmen; he likes them best when they write of England. This is consistent with his desire that this new Oxford Book should be a shrine of Englishness, but it scarcely comports with the idea of a catholic monument of English prose. He chooses from Santayana an article on English traits, he selects from Irving a glorification of London and English country life, Whitman is represented by his paragraph on the death of Carlyle, Parkman when he describes the taking of Quebec, Lowell from "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners," Thoreau (this becomes amusing) by a passage which begins with a reference to a British brig. Apparently American prose warms for Q only when the subject is close to the heart of England. American prose that sounds like English prose and has for its theme England, may go into a standard anthology.

De gustibus, etc.—We shall not quarrel with Sir Arthur, for his omissions, as well as his choices, reveal an extraordinarily interesting fact. He could find nothing that pleased him in Mark Twain, nothing in Poe, nothing in Stephen Crane, in Bret Harte (though Kipling, so amply represented, reveals *his* borrowings from the Californian), nothing in Cooper, in Daniel Webster, in Louisa Alcott, in Roosevelt, in Wilson, in Miss Cather, in Hergesheimer, in Cabell, in Lewis, and in Lincoln only the Gettysburg paragraph. Well, it is easy to explain some of these omissions, impossible to explain others in the presence of so many minor Englishmen except by a principle fairly obvious. The Cambridge ear does not regard as literary the prose which reflects the unfamiliar rhythm of American speech and adumbrates the American temperament. Mark Twain is not literary—Joseph Conrad is. Stephen Crane is not in the tradition—Rupert Brooke is. Critically considered, this is, of course, nonsense. Mark Twain at his nervous best, in "Huckleberry Finn" for example, is to be measured for vigor of rhythm and purity of English only with the greatest. Stephen Crane, whose imagery was so deceptively close to the language of American journalism, is as much a master of the impressionistic style which has proved such an excellent medium for Americans, as Pater of his elusive rhythms—and in this new century Clemens and Crane are masters in a sense that Arnold, Ruskin, Thackeray will never be. Q is right in not taking into account popularity or "influence," but that he has no ear for a style in American English that is not—like Lowell's and Irving's—borrowed, is nevertheless clear. This is, if you please, provincialism; yet it is unfortunate because so many English critics of repute and so many

(*Continued on page* 556)

*The Oxford Book of English Prose. Chosen and Edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926. $3.75.

## *The Black Flute*

By HERBERT S. GORMAN

THE music of the black flute dances
With jigging negro feet. It chances
The labyrinth of violin
And thrusts its polished figure in.

Meanwhile the drum oracular
Keeps philosophic thud and jar,
An elephantine tread that nears
The piccolo's hysteric jeers.

The saxophone with sullen moans
Will wring its hands and shake its bones
Observing that sadistic brute,
The bass horn, chase the little flute.

But round and round and in and out
The dodging flute will shrilly shout,
Until, tired out, it seeks a nap
In the astonished 'cello's lap.

## This Week

"Lolly Willowes." Reviewed by *Christopher Morley.*

"In Our Time." Reviewed by *Louis Kronenberger.*

"Black Valley." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*

"The Autobiography of an Attitude." Reviewed by *L. M. Hussey.*

"Color." Reviewed by *Walter White.*

"Madame Récamier." A Review.

The Private Life of Paris. By *Elmer Davis.*

Books by Lenin and Trotzky. Reviewed by *Wilbur Cortez Abbott.*

"Animal Heroes of the Great War." Reviewed by *Albert Payson Terhune.*

### Next Week, or Later

Factors in American Literature. By *Norman Foerster.*

"The Hounds of Spring." Reviewed by *Anne Parrish.*

## Frank Harris

By TEMPLE SCOTT

THE history of literature presents no more intriguing man of letters than the author of "Elder Conklin," "The Man Shakespeare," the "Life of Oscar Wilde," "Contemporary Portraits," and the autobiography just published with the title, "My Life and Loves." *

It is a strange composite of human nature that projected these different writings under the compulsion of a belief that it was thereby fulfilling itself, as Frank Harris would have us understand. And the strangeness is even more markedly thrust upon us by the reading of this last work. No one who is at all acquainted with the adventurous career of Harris could doubt that this record of his life would, in its matter, make deeply interesting reading; and no one who has read his books would question his power to make that reading a fascinating entertainment. The record might not be all *vero*, but it was certain that it would be *ben trovato*. But neither his most intimate friends nor his most admiring readers could possibly have conceived that the story of his life would deal with incidents he has here deliberately chosen, and to narrate them in such wise as he has here, as deliberately, invoked his genius to fulfil itself.

* * *

The nature of the facts and the manner of their narration are of a kind to suggest a comparison between this "Life" and two other autobiographies, by two other adventurers in life. I refer to the "Confessions" of Rousseau and the "Memoirs" of Casanova. All three works are self-revelations of dynamic natures, of reckless gamblers with fate, and all three men were afflicted with the megalomaniac vision. Each of the three, however, was differently urged in the undertaking of his adventures. In his "Confessions," Rousseau was a sentimentalist indulging his sexual appetites as he would border his garden walk with a row of mignonettes. In his "Memoirs," Casanova was a realist, frankly and even heartlessly capturing his lights o' love for his own enjoyment, as the Red Indian might decorate his wigwam with the scalps of his enemies. In this "Life," Frank Harris is both sentimentalist and realist. In his sentimentalism he is exalted almost to the verge of the visionary—which Rousseau was realist enough to save himself from—and in his realism, he wallows in orgies of his Priapusian exercitations—which Casanova was sentimentalist enough to leave to the imagination. Rousseau never mixed his sentimentalism with his realism, and Casanova never obtruded his realism into his sentimentalism. Frank Harris, however, would have us accept his realistic pornographic chronicle of his *noctes deliciae*, as a sentimental gospel of culture, as his contribution to the formulation of a new Pagan-Christian religion, in which the body and the soul are alike dedicate to Love and her worship. This Adamitism hath an ancient and fishy smell; but Harris tones its Litany with an almost apostolic resonance. "It is the first book," he claims with pride, "ever written to glorify the body and its passionate desires, and the soul as well and its sacred, climbing sympathies."

That a man of Frank Harris's astute worldly wisdom and keen sense of humor should have indited this sentence in the belief that it would be accepted on its face value, offers a curious problem in psychology. For to identify "the soul and its sacred, climbing sympathies" with the intellectualized

*My Life and Loves. By Frank Harris. 1925.

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amorous bouts described in this "Life," if it is not the babbling of senility, is certainly the mouthing of debility. "It will be six or seven years," he spouts solemnly, "before I shall know whether the book is good and life-worthy or not, and yet need drives me to publish it at once." That must be the reason why the book was written, and it must have been a desperate need, indeed, that drove him to such a pass as this.

Yet there must be some other reason for undertaking so rarely curious and so strangely bizarre an exposure of himself as this book presents. It is the last derisive fling of scorn at a world that has exiled him from its pleasant places. To those who knew Harris personally, two qualities were arrestingly manifest in him—his inordinate vanity, and his anger at the world's treatment of him. One was the expression of the other, and both were unbounded and rampant. The anger, which amounted to a rage, sprang out of a vanity that had been deeply wounded. The man knew himself to be gifted, as indeed he was, beyond most men, and the world recognized him not at all commensurate with his self-esteem. He had filled positions of responsibility and trust, as editor of the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Saturday Review*, and had acquitted himself with marked ability. He had met and measured himself with the best minds of his day, and had found himself to be their peer. He had mingled in the political and financial circles of London and had demonstrated his powers to envisage and resolve their problems with rare insight and a rarer intuition. He had gained reputation as the writer of one of the best short stories in the language, and had made a really original contribution to the elucidation of the life and works of Shakespeare. And yet, despite all these high and even splendid achievements, he found himself in the end almost the despised and rejected of men. Why?

* * *

The answer to this question may be read between the lines of this autobiography. It does not ring true. There is a flaw in the metal. It is shot through and through with an egotism that is nothing short of the monstrous. Always it is his vanity which is the deciding influence on the man's conduct of life, and under the lash of its scourge every particle of the genuine metal is beaten thin until it cracks.

He has employed his unusual abilities, not so much in response to the impulses of a high ambition, as from the urge in him to demonstrate the superiority of Frank Harris over other men. He sought the favors of women, not to meet Love's call, for that would mean self-surrender, but to enjoy their worship of himself as the physical superman. He wrote his "Life of Oscar Wilde" not, as he would claim, to reinstate a lordly spirit, but to exhibit himself as the magnanimous and beneficent friend. The world, at one time, accepted Frank Harris even at his own valuation, and it rewarded him both in homage and goods; for where there was so much promise there would be fulfilment. But the fulfilment never came; for that comes from a soul, and Frank Harris had sold his soul for a mess of pottage, and it was no longer in his keeping. It is the nature of every living thing to fructify only by self-surrender, and not by self-possession; Frank Harris never forgot himself, never really gave himself utterly to any ideal. As a consequence, he has remained sterile. He may think he is giving himself now in this autobiography, but he is mistaken. It is barren; it is devoid of soul. Instead of permitting the soul in him the freedom to grow its wings, he confined and debauched it, and it is now impotent and bereft of its seminal virtues. It is powerless to give birth to its genius. The world came instinctively to feel this in him, and it made him feel that it felt this; and it was then that his vanity was wounded beyond healing.

I write of Frank Harris in the past tense, as if he were no longer living, for there is a sense in which any man who has reached the stage of writing his autobiography, may be considered as "out of the game," as being no longer in circulation, so to speak. But the man who could write and print this particular autobiography, and also include in it the story here narrated of Carlyle, compels the world to wish to forget him. Yet so virile is the man's brain, despite his pitiful complaint that he is "half drowned in the brackish flood of old age," and so monstrously impudent is this exhibition of himself, that we are driven to confess that he is still very much alive. He is still storming at the gates of the world's holy places demanding admittance to the sanctuaries within, and to be accorded their shelter and refuge. But, alas, it cannot be now that he will ever be permitted to enjoy their hallowed precincts. "The pity of it, Iago, the pity of it." I can never forget this man's supreme splendor of intellect, nor the magic of his golden speech. A great writer has been lost to the world, drowned in "the brackish flood" of his vanity, and a rare spirit has flickered out in this his latest pathetic effort to feed its flame with the dross of the market-place.

* * *

Two years have passed, and now comes the second volume of this autobiography—not openly, as would befit the Gospel of the "Synthetic Religion of the Future," which Harris now claims it to be, but surreptitiously introduced. The title has been altered from "My Life and Loves" to "My Life" simply. The change is significant, though the contents scarcely warant it. The voice may be the voice of Jacob, but the smell is the smell of Esau.

The significance of the change in the title may, however, be more justly understood from the "Foreword," in which Frank Harris offers his "Apologia" for writing the first volume in the fashion he did. He found himself constrained to do this, because of the anathemas which had been hurled against him by English and American critics. Of the two hundred millions of English-speaking people, he says, only two—Bernard Shaw and Mencken—were found to be righteous; the rest displayed, what he characterizes as a "childish unreason of the world which fills me with fear for the future of humanity." Harris may comfort himself with the knowledge that he is not the only one who has suffered. It seems to be the fate of reformers to get all the kicks and no ha'pence. For what can one man do, even though bucklered by Bernard Shaw and Henry Mencken, against one hundred and ninety-nine millions nine hundred and ninety-seven? The late unlamented Mr. Bryan was in a more parlous plight, for he was one against the whole world, and yet he was fearless to the end.

But, surely, this language of hyperbole is somewhat disingenuous coming from the pen of a man who, as he tells us, took Jesus and Shakespeare for his "guides in life's labyrinth." Neither of these guides ever expressed his fears for the future of humanity because of what humanity said or did against him. They were made of sterner stuff, and were possessed of a more gracious spirit.

> I thought (Harris explains) that if I described the intense perpetual sex-urge of my youth simply, and at the same time showed how passionately eager I have always been to learn and grow at all costs that at any rate the porch of the temple would be significant and appealing . . . if all the ways of love are beautiful to me why should I not say so? . . . The soul of living to me has always been love of women and admiration of great men.

Indeed, the porch of this temple, which, by the way, is still in the process of being built in this second volume, is both significant and appealing; but its significance lies in the gargoyles that disfigure it, and the appeal is to the impure demons to enter by their open mouths and remain within. If love of women and admiration of great men sends a man in his impotent old age, licking his chops over his recollections of his youth's lecheries, then Harris may be justified in his confessions—to himself; but it will be childish unreason in him to resent in others the questioning attitude as to the quality of his love and the worth of his admiration. Even the great men whom he admired, the masters who were his guides in life, would repudiate him, and tell him—as Oscar Wilde once told him of another but a like high challenge—that he could never understand—that he had never truly worshipped at the high altars of either their idealism or their realism.

* * *

"*Non pudeat dicere quod non pudeat sentire*," he quotes, to justify himself as Montaigne did. Well, all that need be said by way of comment on this plea is, that what Montaigne was not ashamed to say of what he was not ashamed to feel, has for centuries expanded our hearts and captivated our wits; but what Harris here shamelessly says of what he shamelessly felt—and did, is sneaked into the country through some backwaters of the publishing under-world, by colporteurs who furnish literary aphrodisiacs to debilitated gallants, and supply the text-books to our modern Paphian sanctuaries of Artemis. Here lies the difference between Michael Montaigne and Frank Harris; and it is a difference which must ever separate the creative artist from the imitative one.

Yet there are chapters in this second volume—alas, too few—which for excellence in narrative and for ability to present personalities, may well rank with the best writing in modern fiction. The stories of Guy de Maupassant and Lord Randolph Churchill, despite their shocking conclusions, are vivid pictures of scenes in which these highly gifted men are made to reveal themselves in their last days of direst affliction. The telling realism of the description of English gluttony is overpowering as a fetid stench in the nostrils, yet truly dramatic in its revivification of the materials of memory. Even the recital of Ruskin's intercourse with Harris, pieced together and patched as it evidently is of fact and fiction, is breathing with vitality. Yet in all these higher reaches of his literary efforts, it is not the artist but the accomplished raconteur who holds us by the wizardry of his tongue—and holds us, I must confess, by the lesser side of our nature. Harris is the actor determined to divert us at all costs; he is never the poet singing to enhance us. At best, his reminiscences are recreative and not in the least creative. That explains why it is they are so self-asserting and also, so self-revealing. They are colored by a temperament eager for applause, by prejudices born of his disappointments, by chagrin the outcome of his injured vanity, by an enjoyment in the scandalous, by an almost Mephistophelian delight to belittle the great men of his time to the level of common men—perhaps to his own level. This, surely, is not the manner of Shakespeare and Montaigne.

* * *

"It is difficult to tell the truth about one's self," he pleads. True; but why take the trouble? Yet he does not see that he has unconsciously told all the truth there is to tell of himself, in what he thinks he has told us of the truth about others. It may be that this is not the truth he intended to tell. Well, in that case, he should have early apprenticed himself after his Shakespeare's advice contained in what, he will recall he once told me, is the finest line in English literature—"to take upon's the mystery of things, as if we were God's spies." But that kind of truth demands the "precious seeing" of the poet-lover even to suggest, far less to tell. In every *Warheit* there must of necessity be *Dichtung;* and as Harris is neither a poet nor a true lover, he cannot act as one of God's spies, and the mystery of things must ever escape him. There was the making in him of both lover and poet, but, unfortunately, he early went about the world, as he tells us, seeking for knowledge of facts, and became so absorbed in that pursuit, that he neglected to cultivate an acquaintance with his soul, so that now, he is not even on speaking terms with it. Hence the tears.

How pathetically evident this is may be seen in the last chapter of this volume. "Age is not to be denied," he confesses.

> The worst part of it is that it robs you of hope: you find yourself sighing instead of laughing; the sight of your tomb there just before you on the road is always with you, and since the great adventure of love no longer tempts, one tires of the monotony of work and duties devoid of seduction. Without hope, life becomes stale, flat, and unprofitable.

* * *

This from a pupil of Jesus and Shakespeare? What a confession of the futility of the Synthetic Religion of the Future, from the mouth of its very evangelist! Is it to this favor that we must come at last? Had Harris entered on the "great adventure of love" as his master Shakespeare, in his riper wisdom, admonished him to do, the world, and not he, would have contemplated his tomb with poignant regret. Yet there is hope for him also. The reception accorded his first volume has taught him wisdom. "A year or two ago," he says plaintively,

> I was honored on all hands; wherever I came I felt that men and women spoke of me with interest, curiosity at least; since the first volume of "My Life" appeared, everywhere I feel the unspoken condemnation and see the sneer or the foul sidelong grin. I have paid dearly for my boldness.

It may, therefore, be that in the writing of the further volumes of his "Life," he will, as he half promises to try, fulfil his better self; for I know there is that in his autumnal ripeness which can yield nourishing juices for the heart's comfort and the friend's gladness. Surely, these are worth hoping for and living for to distil from one's life!

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# Laura and the Huntsman

LOLLY WILLOWES, or THE LOVING HUNTSMAN. By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER. New York: The Viking Press. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

ANOTHER triumph for the ladies. I don't know who this Sylvia is, but certainly the best of our swains will commend her. She has written a remarkable little novel; that most pungent and cordially satisfying kind of thing that one hugs to one's tenderest rib and thinks gloatingly how few readers will really "get" it. How it tingles that rich, refined, and honorable snobbishness of the pensive reader.

I knew of a publishing house whose publicity department had a habit of saying, in its advance description of any novel by a woman for which it hoped for a good run, that it would remind the reader of Jane Austen. It soon became evident, so incongruous were the applications of the Austen *affiche*, that this publicity department had never read any of the immortal Jane's works.

But in this case the Austen comparison would not have been wholly false, for Sylvia Townsend Warner has a Jane Austen kind of humor. Humor, in the Austen sense, is certainly the rarest of literary gifts. Satire, buffoonery, wit, clowning, burlesque, geniality, all these are common; humor, and especially among masculines, is deplorably rare. Sylvia Warner has it. Yes, she has that nimble and tweaking ticklishness of mind, that pellucidity of observation. She has the freshness of phrase that lights up even a rather familiar kind of scene with new spangles. The history of the Willowes family, narrated in the first part of this book, challenges comparison with the best that anyone has ever done in this vein. It is pure humor, done without a single grimace or a single sideslip into mere satire.

And then, about half way through the book, when you had begun to believe that all this was just the daintiest kind of comedy, there comes a sudden quickening of amazement and you begin to perceive that the lady is up to something quite other. This particular commentator has never yet given away the plot of any novel he has reviewed, believing that the nastiest manners. So I withhold the nature of Laura's adventure in the Chilterns and the identity of the Loving Huntsman. Here the author is on the trail of big game, and it does not seem to me that in the fantastic part of her story she is quite so successful. But she has the admirable sense to tackle it quite calmly and gently; and readers who are up to it will perceive the deeper darknesses inside her quiet fable. The story fades away into a darkness, leaving the reader perhaps just a little disappointment on the last page: that Hunstman, whose charm all know, could surely have suggested some gracefully ironic oddity to seal the scroll.

The book seems to me notably feminine in its skill and feeling. A silly thing to say, nineteen times out of twenty, for minds don't have much sex; yet there is something specifically female in its shrewd and sensitive delicacy. I don't believe the author quite grappled with the problem of the last third of the book, but even there the vague disappointment we feel is worth a dozen of the customary successes. Here is a new talent extraordinary in charm and wisdom, and aware of painful insoluble things.

# A New Novelist

IN OUR TIME. By ERNEST HEMINGWAY. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S first book of short stories comes fortified with the praise of men like Sherwood Anderson, Ford Madox Ford, Waldo Frank, and John Dos Passos. The praise of such men fosters deduction. It indicates that Mr. Hemingway must have merit; it implies that his work is experimental, original, modernistic; it may even suggest that his work stems in part from the modes set by their own creation. All these deductions are to some extent true, but only the first is important. There are obvious traces of Sherwood Anderson in Mr. Hemingway and there are subtler traces of Gertrude Stein. His work is experimental and very modern. But much more significantly, it has sound merit of a personal, nonderivative nature; it shows no important affinity with any other writer, and it represent the achievement of unique personal experience.

I think it should be emphasized that Mr. Hemingway's stories are as much an achievement as they are an experiment. Already he has succeeded in making some of them finished products, whose form is consonant with their substance and whose value is not an implication for the future but a realization in the present. It is true that he has no power of emotion or deep quality of cerebration, but the way he has observed people and things, speech, surroundings, atmosphere, the spirit of our times, constitutes sufficient accomplishment for the moment. When translated into words, this power of observation is doubly effective: it is precise and direct, it is also suggestive and illuminating. Almost wholly through his sense of observation, he gets life into these pages: life at any moment, life at a vivid moment, life at a high and crucial moment. At his best, getting it there for a moment's duration, he somehow sends it running backward and forward, so that whatever must be understood is comprehensible by a discerning reader.

For the rest, his stories are experiments demanding further discipline and art. Between each two he interposes a paragraph of bare incident which further suggests the spirit of our time. Unfortunately some of the stories themselves, in their form and meaning, are like these paragraphs. They imply significance but they do not attain it; their lacunæ are greater than their substance. They are not without life, but they lack meaning and intensity. Mr. Hemingway is in some respects an "intellectual" writer—in his culture, his humor, his implicit sophistication, his objectivity; but his work itself is finest when it portrays life, conversation, action. He is a synthetic observer, not an analyst.

Illustration from "The Art of the Printer," by Stanley Morison. (Simon & Schuster)

# When West Meets East

BLACK VALLEY. By RAYMOND WEAVER. New York: The Viking Press. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THE first novel of Mr. Raymond Weaver, "Black Valley," deals with a group of American missionaries in the little Japanese town of Kurodani during a particularly stressful period of their sojourn there. Mr. Weaver has avoided the temptation to lump them all together as "missioner" types. He has shown them as driven to this voluntary exile by subtle dissatisfactions with themselves and their meagre home environments. He has not done this by saying that so-and-so found thus-and-thus distasteful and therefore set out for Japan. The causes, or rather, the temperamental slants of the characters are brought out in their reactions during the few weeks of intolerable heat in which the story runs its course. It is evident that Mr. Weaver is a thorough student of psychology, for unconscious motives and unrecognized fixations play an important part in the development of the narrative. Not that "Black Valley" in any way resembles the painful psycho-analytic case histories, all too scantily clothed in fancy, that have of late fairly deluged the long-suffering public. The book is first of all a well-knit story with a considerable dash of action, so that no one who wants "something to happen" will be disappointed, but over and above this there is the equally enthralling tale of the mental doppel-gangers of the characters, and there is further a keen criticism of the results of West meeting East under the particular circumstances of life in a missionary compound.

The story concerns itself primarily with the late-love of one Frances Penwick, a missionary far past her youth. She arrives in the compound at Kurodani expecting to find there her fiancé, Captain Horn, ready for the ceremony. Instead she is left to wait for eleven agonizing days without a sign of him. During this time the nervous tension in the compound rises to the point of hysteria; the other middle-aged missionaries, "the Ladies," form a sort of Greek chorus of evil based on envy and suspicion. Frances spends her days at the bedside of a friend who is dying very slowly and very painfully, and her nights in sleepless efforts to calm herself and her humiliating doubts, without disturbing her hostess. Under this strain, the climax comes in the frenzy of horror which overtakes her when she sees in the darkness of the garden the locked forms of two lovers. Sick with loathing, she regains her room. A paragraph will give something of Mr. Weaver's method in handling this episode.

> But as she paced, one by one, in mounting succession, fragments of the night began to steal through the walls and windows, and settle themselves upon her. The madness that had driven her out of her room—the scream of the stairs—the touch of wool—the cool breath of an opening door—the trees, like great coral ferns—and then, a moving blur, a leprous, blended, and entangled gleaming.

It is after this that the revelation of her own being is painfully born within her, and it is in this very subtle analysis that the book reaches its highest point of excellence. It may be added that nowhere in current fiction can a like achievement be found.

The more lyric note of young love runs through the novel in the story of Gilson Wilberforce and O-yo-ake-san, where the direct and natural coming together of youth is contrasted with the hesitancy and self-consciousness of middle age. It serves, too, to introduce a modern Japanese heroine. O-yo-ake-san has a sort of symbolic innocence that makes her charm very poignant, yet is full of sweet reason: dissuading Gilson from marrying her, firm in her intention of having her child for herself, and sending her lover back to his own world. Where are the snows of yesteryear? Where Chysanthème? Where Butterfly?

# Nathan on a Favorite Theme

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ATTITUDE. By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by L. M. HUSSEY

AUTOBIOGRAPHY as well as biography is like a woman of potential fascination who must be perfectly accoutred else her natural blemishes sully her charm. Too frequently when a man essays to write his own life or to set down another's life he exhibits little more than the blowzy curl-papers and down-at-the-heel boudoir slippers of inconsequential event. The "Who's Who" method of telling a life is customarily a paltry confection. It is stuff for old wives. Or so such common gossipings seem to me, for a man's dealings with his green grocer, his dyspepsia, or the pill he swallows at bedtime to palliate the sluggishness of his natural humors hold for me no very emphatic interest.

On the other hand the unabashed avowals of an intelligent man concerning his intellectual reactions to questions of minor and major importance, his prejudices and his amusements, make for autobiographic material of genuine savor. It is in this manner and with materials of this character that George Jean Nathan has now written a book about himself.

I say it is a book about himself although the volume deals with such disparate topics as theology, Otto H. Kahn, Jehovah, John Wanamaker, the Ku Klux Klan, alcohol, patriotism. No aloof, judicial personage judges these institutions, men, and things. Instead, Nathan, in the loquacity of a post-liqueur mood, speaking to intimates, gives frank tongue to his opinions and contrives thereby a charming and significant picture of himself.

During the course of two decades Nathan has written multiple scores of essays upon the theatre and more than half a dozen full-length books dealing with the same topic. Indeed, I know of no

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other dramatic critic on these shores who has treated of the contemporaneous theatrical scene at greater length or with equal charm. Yet all the while he has performed these labors with the air of a man pleasantly enjoying himself. At his critical task he has carried about with him no burden of professorial standards. Fundamentally, his æsthetic judgments have been based upon the simple dogma that if I, Nathan, like it, it is good.

The Nathan he now presents is no stranger to his prior readers but certainly he is here more winningly confidential than in any of his previous embodiments. This "Autobiography of an Attitude," by its shrugging indifference to conventional opinion, will assuredly outrage a very common type of reader, that is to say, the reading man who is irked by any book that does not parrot the trend of his thinking. And I have a suspicion that Nathan, although freely expressing all the diverse notions that entered his head while at the labor of the "Autobiography," had something of an impish eye upon this reading fellow given to chronic indignation. In other words, I believe the "Autobiography" to have been written not only for the amusement of the catholic-minded, but for the disquieting of tighter cerebrums.

The book, then, is not wholly sincere. But writing of this kind demands not so much naïve sincerity as a consistent portrait. Nathan himself treats of the point in his book when he declares: "The doctrine that sincerity is the first desideratum in a writer, I find difficult to swallow. To ask a writer invariably to believe in everything he writes is to ask a prize-fighter to believe that his opponent is a menace to society, an actor to believe that he *is* Agamemnon, or a patent medicine vendor to believe that he is a savior of mankind. It is no more necessary for a writer to believe what he writes in order to produce first-rate literature than it is necessary for a circus impresario to believe the doctrines of Nero in order to produce a first-rate chariot race."

In short, if the Nathan of the present "Autobiography," for the sake of harassing here and there a *ninnyhammer*, is seen to be a bit unveraciously shocking, the portrait at full length is assuredly consistent. That it may not be in all respects the veritable Nathan is no matter. There was never a bit of woodland actually extant quite so decorative as a wooded dell by Corot. Corot, like Nathan, improves upon nature.

The Nathan of flesh and bone, in coat, trousers and Arrow collar, has unquestionably, like all the simians of this planet, his moments as a dull fellow but the Nathan of the "Autobiography," being the highly confected creature of more than forty years of comfortable living and more than half that long of auctorial practice, is never dull. It is an engaging, a lively book. Largely it is wise and when a foolishness appears this folly is amusing.

## A New Poet

COLOR. By COUNTEE CULLEN. New York. Harper & Bros. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by WALTER WHITE
Author of "Fire in the Flint"

ONE approaches with a certain air of scepticism a book of verse by a writer who has won so many prizes it would need a ledger to chronicle them all. It's like going to a play about which all one's friends have literally raved, and nourishing the subconscious conviction that no drama could ever be half so good as one had been told it was.

In the case of Countee Cullen's "Color" I found myself wondering frankly how he had ever failed to win first prize in any of the poetry contests he had entered. Here is a young Negro—in his early twenties—who has acquired two second prizes and one first in the annual Witter Bynner contest for undergraduates, who won the Amy Spingarn and John Reed Memorial prizes, and others too numerous to list here. All these honors came to Mr. Cullen while he was a student at New York University. Mr. Cullen is now taking his master's degree.

And what are the elements which go to make up the undoubted excellence of Mr. Cullen's verse—that make him exclaim:

> Yet do I marvel at this curious thing:
> To make a poet black, and bid him sing?

There is, first, the inestimably precious faculty of imprisoning in a line of acid brevity and compactness the complete philosophy of an individual, a group, or a race. For example there is the amazingly expressive epitaph, "For a Lady I Know," which reads:

> She even thinks that up in Heaven
> Her class lies late and snores,
> While poor black cherubs rise at seven
> To do celestial chores.

Or, again, there is "Incident":

> Once riding in old Baltimore,
> Heart-filled, head-filled with glee,
> I saw a Baltimorean
> Keep looking straight at me.
>
> Now I was eight and very small,
> And he was no whit bigger,
> And so I smiled, but he poked out
> His tongue, and called me, "Nigger."
>
> I saw the whole of Baltimore
> From May until December;
> Of all the things that happened there
> That's all that I remember

Countee Cullen, along with other poets of his race, possesses an advantage over his white brothers in this factor of race and race-consciousness as expressed in the lines quoted above. Mr. Cullen knows how to say what he wants to say—and, most important, he has something to say. Therein lies one of the advantages of prejudice and oppression—if it does not crush, it brings out a virile beauty foreign to those of easier estate. It has given to Mr. Cullen's verse a magical lilt and turn and strength which is so frequently found wanting in the majority of our versifiers, young or old.

But Countee Cullen is more than a racially self-conscious rhymster. His race and its sufferings give him depth and an understanding of pain and sorrow. But he rises above all surface barriers and sings of experiences of universal appeal, limited only by the winds and skies.

## The Not Impossible She

MADAME RÉCAMIER. By EDOUARD HERRIOT. Translated by ALYS HALLARD. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. 2 vols. $7.50.

THERE is probably no woman who ever lived whose features are now better known—thanks to the advertising genius of those who vend beauty preparations—than Madame Récamier's. She has achieved that immortality given to men chiefly by naming cigars after them. Some months since there were few men better known to newspaper readers than Edouard Herriot, sometime Premier of France, who has added to his achievements in that post and as Mayor of Lyons a biography of perhaps the best known of all the Lyonnais before his time. It is an imposing and an important labor of love. It begins with an inscription which gives the tone to the pages which follow—"There is no intercourse in the world more delicious than that with a beautiful woman who has the qualities of an honest man."

Every man has his heroine, and no one who reads these pages can have a doubt as to who the late Premier's heroine was. Every man has in the back of his mind an age in which he would rather have lived if he had not lived in his own, and there is little doubt that M. Herriot would have chosen the period of the great French Revolution for his. And it is interesting to reflect what would have happened to him had he been so fortunate as to live then. That he would have been a revolutionary no one can doubt. Viewing his career and the talents he has exhibited in these later days, it is difficult to conceive that he would not have been an important figure in that still more strenuous era, and it is conceivable that he would have gained an even greater place in history had he been born a century earlier. For surely he, of all men in France, has the peculiar gifts which would have counted heavily in a revolutionary epoch; nor would he have been one to hide his light under a bushel. We might have seen in him a rival if not to Robespierre at least to—shall we say? Danton! And if not Danton some shrewder soul like one of the Directors.

In that case he might have had his dearest wish gratified. He might have been an *habitué* of Mme. Récamier's sâlon. He might have been more. He might have been a rival to Augustus of Prussia, to Mathieu and André de Montmorency, to Ballanche; if he had lived long enough, to Chateaubriand. But if he had done all this he would not have been more devoted to Mme Récamier alive than he is to her memory. As his book begins, so it ends with a quotation. "A public man, dead or living, may be judged with some hardness, but it seems to me that a woman, even when dead, if she remained a woman in the essential qualities, is always rather our contemporary." In that sentiment he approaches and leaves his charming subject. She was a beautiful woman with the qualities of an honest, even a clever, man; she remained certainly a woman, in the essential qualities, as even the scoffer who looks on her portraits must admit, and this is her reward. She is the subject of a seven hundred page biography by a French premier. As her face—and figure—have been immortalized by great painters, her inmost life—and even somewhat of her anatomy—has been described for us by an eminent politician. What more could any woman ask?

It is a good biography. There are few things about Mme. Récamier which one can imagine that have been omitted. It is, like her pictures, distinctly a full-length portrait. "She was," as M. Herriot observes feelingly, "intelligent enough not to leave ten volumes of memoirs." She lived a long time—from 1777 to 1849—and a great many things happened to her. Hence the seven hundred pages. She was, without doubt, not only one of the best looking but one of the most charming women of her time. Hence the unstinted admiration, and hence, too, the charm of the story. She had many admirers and friends from whom she received and to whom she wrote many letters. Hence the mass of quotation which throws a light, and a not unpleasant light, upon her times. She had one admirer in particular—Ballanche—who took up a great deal of her time when she was alive, and takes up much of the reader's time now that she is dead. She had another—Chateaubriand—who took up still more, and even now occupies two pages or so of the index alone—even more than her very good friend Mme. de Stael. She had many others, including a prince of Prussia. She became eminent enough to be banished by Napoleon—that last test of female cleverness under the Empire—so she must have had brains. All in all one cannot blame M. Herriot for his devotion. Indeed one may be grateful for it. He has written not only an interesting book but one with such masses of footnotes, index, bibliography, even an iconography—and that is important in such a character—that were he not an eminent French politician one might almost venture to brand him with that phrase so alien and so distasteful to so many of our own politicians—that of scholar!

## American Style

(*Continued from page* 553)

American teachers of English, believe with him that literary prose for Americans, whose rhythm of speech and life is so unEnglish, must yet have the roll of Arnold or the texture of Lamb or the vocabulary of an Oxford don, in order to be worthy the name of literature.

It is the emancipation from nonsensical ideas of this kind that has freed American journalism until, at its best, it is the best. It is just such silly nonsense—that A. C. Benson is literary and Mark Twain is not, that the ornate Bishop of Down and Connor is a good writer and plain John Woolman is not, that the new rhythms of American speech are inartistic and stale Victorianisms are not—that has left American prose in the balance between beauty and utilitarianism.

The truth is that most critics judge prose, much more than poetry, by its content. Write moderately well of mystical experience, of romantic beauty, of heroes of pith and dignity, and anthologies gape for you; but discourse of bourgeois democracy, of crude spaces, of familiar everyday life in a country where destiny works by broad movements while the individuals cuss, laugh, tell stories, and wink at the others lest they seem to be taking life too seriously—and you have embarked upon a new prose which Cambridge dons will not like, and your own compatriots regard as undignified.

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# The Bird and Its Life

BIRDS AND THEIR ATTRIBUTES. By GLOVER MORRILL ALLEN. Boston: Marshall Jones & Co. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT CUSHMAN MURPHY
American Museum of Natural History

THE growing tendency toward synthetic treatment of diversified branches of science has recently been expressed in three notable books on the ever popular subject of ornithology. These are, Thomson's "Biology of Birds," 1923, von Lucanus's "Das Leben der Vögel," 1925, and Allen's "Birds and Their Attributes."

Dr. Allen's work admirably supplements Thomson's, but it does much more. The author, who is Lecturer on Zoölogy at Harvard, is like his British contemporary a scholar well versed in the broad field of biology, but besides this he holds high rank as a special student of birds. Two years ago he was selected to prepare a series of lectures on ornithology given under the auspices of the New England Bird Banding Association, and these have supplied the basis of the present work.

The first chapter of Dr. Allen's book, which deals with "Some Human Relations with Birds," contains matter of universal interest which has never before been treated so succinctly or so well. The bird in literature, legend, and decoration, the history of domestication, the beginnings of observation and experiment, the earliest collections of ornithological specimens, are entertainingly reviewed from the dawn of written records to the time of Audubon.

The strength of Dr. Allen's book lies in its intimate presentation of the bird as a living organism reacting to a medium which may be thought of as including its own heredity and physiological make-up as well as its external environment. The author is equipped to present the point of view of the modern biologist and psychologist, as well as that of what we must nowadays call the "mere naturalist." With a wealth of examples drawn from his own sentient observation out-of-doors, and enriched by equally apt evidence available only to one having his extraordinary familiarity with the ornithological literature of many lands and languages, he has drawn a more comprehensive picture of the bird's place in nature than is to be found anywhere else within so small a compass.

In his account of the structure of birds and its functional bearings, Dr. Allen has been relatively brief, realizing that this phase has been adequately handled, and that the subject is familiar to, or at least readily accessible to, those with ornithological tastes. The far less static problems which center about the origin and dispersals of birds, their ecological relations, senses and behavior, are fully and soundly discussed, the chapters being illuminated by opinions and discoveries drawn from a wide range of recent publications.

# The Private Life of Paris

NOTE.—By courtesy of Dr. Egidius Kümmelspalter of Heidelberg I am able to present excerpts from a cuneiform tablet found in the ruins near Boghaz-Keui, which this distinguished *savant* has identified as the diary of Princess Cassandra of Troy. Publication of the full text is unavoidably deferred; but as recent volumes by John Erskine and Edward Lucas White have reinterpreted the history of Helen purely from the standpoint of Greek propaganda, Dr. Kümmelspalter feels that materials for a Trojan view of the question of war guilt should no longer be witheld.

WELL, Paris has gone abroad at last and left that woman on Mount Ida, so now perhaps we can have some peace in the family. I must say I think this whole affair has been mishandled from start to finish, but of course they don't pay any attention to me. Father thinks that when the boy has seen the world, and other women, he'll be willing to talk about an annulment, and that Oenone will accept any reasonable offer. But I'm not so sure.

"Besides," I said to father, "why annul it? He'll only marry somebody else, probably just as undesirable. If the boy can't even spend a summer in the mountains without getting married you might as well let him stay married. Give Oenone an allowance—it needn't be much to look big to a small-town girl—and she'll stay on Mount Ida where she belongs. Then Paris can't get into that kind of trouble again."

"I agree with your conclusions," said Hector, "though not with you reasoning. Marriage is a sacrament. The abuse of paroles and commutation is wrecking our entire system of penology. . . . I mean—" (Hector makes so many public speeches that he doesn't always remember what subject is under discussion) "I mean the divorce evil is gnawing like a canker at the heart of our civilization." (He gets that sort of thing from Andromache, of course.) "Whither are we drifting? Something ought to be done about it. We families of the old stock should stand for the sanctity of the home. Shall we go the way of Greece? Shall we get a reputation like the Pelops family?"

"People of no breeding," said father. "What can you expect?"

"Precisely; but it's that sort of people who are coming to the front in Greece. It's all due" (Hector took a long breath) "to this influx of alien races that can't understand our institutions and ideals. Biologically inferior races. Unless something is done to stop this Nordic immigration—"

"Now don't get on that again," said Deiphobus. "This girl Paris married isn't a Nord. I hear she's —er—rather dark-skinned. She told him her father was an Achæan with jaundice—but how she explained herself—"

"Sunburn," said Hector. "A tanned healthy daughter of Zeus's own country. You remember the stories Uncle Anchises used to tell about those Mount Ida girls—"

"You'd think he'd met Aphrodite," Deiphobus admitted. "But these old gentlemen become romantic when they recall their vanished youth."

"Come, come," said father. "No use raking over these old scandals. We can trust the boy to come to his senses."

"His what?" I asked. "Anybody who'd serve as judge in a beauty contest—"

But of course they don't pay any attention to me.

But such a place to send him! That was mother's doing, of course.

"Off to Salamis," I asked her, "to visit Aunt Hesione? Why, he'll be bored to death. He ought to have taken this chance to see Cnossus."

"I've heard Cnossus isn't what it used to be," mother explained. "Prices have gone up terribly since the Cretan war, and they say you see nobody but Achæan profiteers taking advantage of the exchange rate."

"Just the same," I told her, "Cnossus is still Cnossus."

"I'm afraid," she admitted. "A boy brought up in a Zeus-fearing home might meet with temptations—"

"Paris will find temptation in Salamis," I told her, "if Aunt Hesione has a pretty maid. You've kept him tied to your apron strings, mother; no wonder he's easy for a clever woman. Those Cnossus girls might at least give him some experience." But of course that was going too far.

"Cassandra, I'm surprised at you. You girls have such advanced ideas; you talk about everything, you dress so immodestly— When I was a young girl nobody felt decently dressed without a corset, but you go around in your loose clothes, and talk about experience—"

There's no use arguing with mother when she gets like that; the poor thing is so hopelessly Mid-Minoan.

Well, at least Paris didn't get into trouble in Salamis; he didn't stay long enough. I don't like this idea of his going on to Lacedæman but father seems to think it's all right; that it may ease our relations with the Achæans—rather strained, just now. They're always writing notes about the tariffs on the Hellespont. Whose Hellespont is it, anyway? And Hector only makes things worse with his speeches to the Kappa Kappa Kappas about hundred per cent Trojanism and the exclusion of Nordic immigration.

"But should we give social recognition to *nouveaux riches* like the Atridæ?" I asked father.

"Oh, these boys are well enough—Menelaus and his brother. Serious young men who seem to be trying to live down the family reputation."

"Every one has his pet Nord," I reminded him.

"I certainly have no sympathy with Hector's race prejudice. Some of my best friends are Nords. . . . Besides, Helen's a Mediterranean; and while her mother may have been indiscreet her father was a gentleman of the old school."

Well! I told them he ought to have gone to Cnossus. . . . Deiphobus had a letter from Paris yesterday.

"Semata lygra," he said. (He does so love to flaunt his few phrases of Achæan.) "In other words, bad news. He's coming home—with Helen."

"Helen!" I gasped. "You don't mean— Why, where was Menelaus?"

"Why, it seems he had to go to Cnossus a day or so after Paris arrived. Of course they couldn't both go and leave a guest to his own devices—"

"So Helen stayed and Paris was left to her devices," I finished. "Now you know he wouldn't have had brains enough to elope with her of his own accord. I suppose it was Menelaus's first chance to get over to Cnossus alone since he married, but pure courtesy ought to have kept him—"

"It was a business trip," said Deiphobus. "You don't suppose anybody would leave a woman like Helen, do you, even for a trip to Cnossus?"

"Nonsense. He was bored and so was she; and when a silly boy like Paris came along— The idea of their doing such a thing just when the international situation was clearing up! Of course he must send her back."

"Well, I'm for letting him keep her," said Deiphobus. "This Achæan saber rattling has gone far enough."

Did you ever hear of such a thing? Risk another crisis for the sake of a bored woman and a silly boy? Well, Hector won't hear of it, I know—he's so strong for the sanctity of marriage. And mother won't. When she puts her foot down father lets her have her way; and she's furious at this woman.

Well, they're here; and I must say she's behaving very well. Beautiful? Well, hardly; but you never have time to think about that. Very chic, of course; and quite a manner. All these Tyndaridae have a manner.

But such folly! Father has annulled Paris's marriage by decree and served Menelaus with divorce papers by publication—I saw the tablet myself. That's mother's doing—mother, who was so enraged at Oenone.

"After all," she explained, "Helen is one of the old stock, like ourselves." (Mother takes her Society of Argo Descendants so seriously, poor thing.) "It's too bad she made that unfortunate first marriage with a man so far beneath her, but why should one mistake ruin a whole life? Helen has quite opened her heart to me. Her manners are modern, of course, but she agrees with me about the importance of keeping up the old traditions. Just a sweet old-fashioned girl—"

I see plainly that this woman is going to get us all into trouble.

Well! You can see the trenches from the city wall, and I don't understand yet just how it happened. They're getting out a White Tablet explaining it for the neutrals. Anybody can see that the war has been forced upon us, but all this about ultimatums and the Achæan mobilization is too complicated for me. But what it comes down to is that Hector, the defender of the sanctity of marriage, was really to blame. Hector and his ethnology and his Anti-Immigration League. When he said that this demand for the return of Helen was foreign interference in a purely domestic issue, that was the end of watchful waiting.

Our diplomacy has been badly bungled, too. The idea of Deiphobus asking the Achæan ambassador at their last interview if he was going to declare war just for a word, matrimony; just for a scrap of brick. I'm afraid they'll use that in their propaganda.

(*At this point there is a lacuna in the document, covering apparently a space of some years.*)

Helen and I are becoming quite good friends, now that Paris is in the trenches at last. After all, the war does bring people together. I'm afraid I judged her too harshly, in the old days. She's really had a hard life.

"You can't imagine," she told me, "how dull my girlhood was. Always reminding ourselves that we of the old stock must set an example to these pushing parvenus — I hated it! I longed for a breath of clean air from the open spaces. I wanted to get away from it all. . . . And then I met Menelaus. Here, I thought, is somebody unspoiled—red-blooded and virile. A fit mate for me. . . . And then to marry him and find that his one ambition was to make himself a synthetic gentleman, to live down his family and live up to me!

"But I always affect men that way. When

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Theseus kidnapped me I expected to suffer the ultimate outrage. I tried to steel myself against it, to reflect that after all one grows by experience—it makes a full life— And then he proceeded to turn me over to his mother and treat me like a trust fund— Oh, the men I have known!"

"No wonder you preferred Paris," I observed. "He may not be clever but at least he's a gentleman."

"Yes," she said thoughtfully, "yet the war doesn't seem to have matured him as it has most people. See how wonderfully Deiphobus has come out since Hector was killed and he had to take over the High Command. . . . But perhaps now that Paris is in the trenches—"

"It wasn't fair of Deiphobus to send him to the front," I said hotly. "Poor Hector would never have torn your husband from your arms—"

"We musn't blame Deiphobus," said Helen. "He's doing his best to mobilize the man-power of the nation. I gave Paris willingly to my adopted country. I am no hyphenated Trojan. I too must do my bit."

Paris came to see me yesterday—home on leave—and I was amazed at the change in him. He's lean and hard and self-reliant—and the astounding thing is that he seems to like trench life.

"I was getting fat and lazy at the base camp," he said, "and I felt like a slacker. The minute Helen changed her mind and agreed to let me go to the front I jumped at the chance."

"She must be delighted to see you looking so well."

"I don't know," he said with an uneasy frown. "She seems to think I'm out of character. . . . By the way, do you ever hear anything about Oenone any more?"

"Oenone? Good heavens, no! Why should I?"

"I just wondered," said Paris. "Well, good-bye. I'm going back."

"Back to the front?" I asked. "Why, you only came home yesterday. Do you mean to say Deiphobus gave you only twenty-four hours' leave?"

"Don't blame Deiphobus," he said as he went out. He added something I couldn't catch; it sounded like "worse places than the front."

I wonder what he could have meant.

Poor Helen! I suppose I ought to say poor Paris, but after all he's dead and she's left to bear her grief. And the worst of it was that there was a pacifist movement to send her back to Menelaus and end the war with a peace without victory. But Deiphobus stopped that. He explained the underlying cause of the war—Mycenæ-to-Mesopotamia and all the rest of it—and told the people that the only answer was force to the uttermost.

No, I can't pretend that the marriage wasn't as big a surprise to me as to everyone else; and I do think Helen might have told me. There's been rather malicious talk in certain circles; but while of course it is rather soon after Paris's death our petty proprieties seem trivial in times like these. Helen has been disappointed in all the men she's known, but Deiphobus is a better mate for her. . . . And how wonderful for him! He's always been grim and solitary but I know he's loved her for years. Now he has attained his heart's desire at last.

Poor Deiphobus is so devoted to his duty! He's been home only once since the honeymoon. Thank goodness! this can't last much longer; the last Achæan offensive was stopped short. I think we've broken their will to victory.

I don't believe I could live through another armistice celebration. We're all more or less crazy, I suppose, with the lifting of the long strain; but I'm really worried about Deiphobus. He looks terribly depressed.

"You need a rest," I told him. "Now that it's over you and Helen ought to go somewhere for a second honeymoon." He looked at me very queerly.

"Cassandra," he said at last, "all this began because Menelaus went off to Cnossus, alone. Remember? . . . I'm thinking of running over to Cnossus myself as soon as we've demobilized. . . . Alone, of course—just a business trip."

What kind of business, I wonder? I'd have asked him, but he went off to see about bringing in the Wooden Horse. Personally I think it's a great mistake to be so hasty in putting up a war memorial, and I don't like the design of this one at all. But of course they don't pay any attention to me—

(*At this point, for obvious reasons, the narrative abruptly ends.*)

ELMER DAVIS

# *The* BOWLING GREEN

## Solitaire

PATIENCE is the game to play when you want to let the mind run free. Specially if you have something to write and want to find out what, if anything, you have been subconsciously thinking. You move the little folding card-table close to the fire, and while the rudimentary mind is busy with the game, building up those sequences of red and black cards, it may come about (so, anyhow, you hope) that the better parts of your skull may have something to say to you. It is like the rookies drilling on the parade-ground while the grizzled fellows with stars on their shoulders are indoors discussing the subtleties of manœuvre. And then, you think to yourself, isn't that exactly what the human being does: pulls up his little collapsible table of body and soul as close to the blaze of life as seems convenient and plays on it his comic game of solitaire . . . that's the worst of it, everything is a symbol of everything else. Hullo, here's a bit of luck: to get an ace in the very first layout.

* * *

But what a night. Howling wind, snow sifting under the crack of the front door, the rattle of panes, now the wild yell of the 11:30 train as it comes round that gale-swept curve under Harbor Hill. The trains will be late in the morning, and if we don't get something written tonight—here, the seven will go on that eight; fine, and that turns up a two for the ace—there *must* be, on such a gallant evening, something important to write about—we have laid out on the table two stimulations: a slab of apricot pie and a notebook of pen-drawings by Elizabeth MacKinstry which we saw on a publisher's desk and so admired we borrowed it to study: it is full of the daintiest little skirmishes, nymphs, vagabonds, tiny houses against blue hills, lonely trees with thunder behind them; the Urchin too was fascinated by Miss MacKinstry's thrilling little skyscapes. "That gives me an idea of how to draw a cloud," he said. It looks quite easy the way Miss MacKinstry does it: just a quirly line and a thin sweep of blue paint around it—but when she's done it (I've told you of her book, "Puck in Pasture") it's as lovely as something by Keats. I wonder if Keats ever saw a night like this? I doubt it, for real blizzards are rare in South England; yet he conveyed it in "The Eve of St. Agnes." But Lowell and Whittier knew these evenings. Odd, and never pointed out by Keats students, that that St. Agnes Eve weather was the real Saranac kind of thing that Keats most needed; if he'd had more of it he'd have lived longer.

* * *

It's odd that copy written at midnight tends to get so much darkness mixed with the ink. In the morning, sometimes, you sit down to write a mere casual letter and find yourself cackling with laughter at nothing at all.—If you burn soft coal in your mind, the chimney gets dangerously stuffed with soot: another of those curst analogies. The cards aren't falling so nicely this time; there's a black queen buried somewhere and until I can get her out the whole thing is held up: it's because, absent-mindedly, I shuffled 'em too much. You know that feeling, that if you shuffle the cards too thoroughly they go bad. Another analogy. I'll go down and look at the furnace to shake off these analogies. Donny, the sheepdog, is uneasy tonight. I know what's wrong: I don't usually sit in the living-room so late; he wants to get up into the big armchair, as he always does when this room is left dark; but he doesn't quite like to while I'm sitting here. He knows that I know he always does it, but we carry on a little pretence and I never overtly notice him when he's in that chair; if I did he would feel it a matter of honor to get out. (There is good theology in this.) He has his manners too: he will pretend not to notice my apricot pie if I bring him a biscuit. One of the children made a rather profound remark about Donny: we were wondering why he sets up such a terrific growling, even if he has no serious intention, when any stranger comes near the house. "He likes to hear himself growl" said one of the young thinkers.

The wind whoops up the chimney, the cards make their little patterns, and I begin to wonder whether I will get that Bowling Green written tonight. Surely an experienced journalist (I say to myself) ought to be able to write something harmless, something that would be pleasant reading and not give the show away. That's what journalists are for; but the deuce of it is, the things one has really been thinking of, such as the delicately beyond-the-horizon feeling of those MacKinstry sketches; or the windy water-front out at Huntington where I'd like to buy a little piece of ground, are always either too vague or too comic. John Donne, for instance, he was a poet who wrote poems about what he really thought.—I don't believe I can work out this hand unless I cheat a little; I'll take out one of those hidden cards, and if it fits I'll use it.—I'm thinking of John Donne because in Miss A. Page Cooper's booklet about Kipling I found this passage:—

> A pioneer book dealer of New York in the '90's, S. F. McLean, whose shop used to be across from Cooper Union, had occasion to furnish Kipling with many books while he was in Vermont.
>
> "One day," says Mr. McLean recalling his famous customers, "a man came into my shop and called for the poetical works of Dr. John Donne. I had never heard of Donne; and not having the book, I offered to make a search for it and communicate with the customer if he would leave me his name and address.
>
> "With fine penmanship he wrote on the back of a card that I handed him: 'Rudyard Kipling, Brattleboro, Vermont.'"

A complete list of the people now living who have been, at one time or another, well steamed with Donne, would be—to me—one of the most exciting of the world's documents. I believe Miss Cooper is wrong, though, when she says that Kipling's verse about "Fifty North and Forty West" ("when the steward falls into the soup-tureen," etc.) is reminiscent of a P. and O. voyage. The P. and O. ships don't go anywhere near that dark green neighborhood.

* * *

Tomorrow will be the kind of day when the seasoned commuter puts into his brief-case an extra pair of socks, and perhaps even some of what the St. Bernard dogs used to carry round their necks in little kegs (Oh *Bisquit Dubouché*: does that name mean anything to you?) and warns his wife that the good old Oyster Bay train will be late. Sad to think that our children presently will not remember those jovial old locoes as they come sliding into Roslyn station, the snow purling up around the cow-catcher. The live and resolute air of those tall driving-wheels and smokestacks; and some day it'll be electrics all the way, a line for mummers like the Great Neck traffic. It's queer to recall that this, now, will soon be the Olden Time.—The cards are beginning to be tedious; the game is working out but there's no real exhilaration in it because I cheated. And I'm beginning to think how delightful it is, when you really *have* decided to funk the job, to lie down on the couch and read O. Henry without a single pang; to drift, drift into nescience with that howl of the wind in your ears. Donny has climbed into the chair, with a face of embarrassment; the apricot pie is finished; John Donne is dead centuries ago and would forgive me anyhow; and Miss MacKinstry, illuminator of such sweet and tiny parables in blue and green, has too much antic in her reed-pen to hold this cowardice against me. Her little notebook of drawings she has bound up in the cover of an old copy of "Shakespeare's Heroines" by Mrs. Jameson, and casting about for one final analogy of comfort I recall the frailty of those heroines. They too sought the couch rather than the writing table. And here in the back of Miss MacKinstry's notebook I find her pen has written a little verse—

> When the Happy Child has flown
> Then the Student's hour is on;
> When the Student lies asleep
> Let the Poet vigil keep;
> When the Poet slumbers too
> Earth alone can all renew.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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# Books of Special Interest

## Revolution

LENIN. By LEON TROTZKY. New York: Milton, Balch & Co. 1925. $2.50.

MY FLIGHT FROM SIBERIA. By LEON TROTZKY. New York: American Library Service. 1925. $1.

LITERATURE AND REVOLUTION. By LEON TROTZKY. New York: International Publishers. 1925. $2.50.

LEON TROTZKY: THE PORTRAIT OF A YOUTH. By MAX EASTMAN. New York: Greenberg. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by WILBUR C. ABBOTT
Harvard University

THERE has been a little flood of books by and about Trotzky. For this there is more reason than merely his extraordinary career and the circumstances of Russia. One of his reviewers has observed that "Each volume of his collected works emphasizes this repetition of the miracle hitherto reserved to the memory of Woodrow Wilson and the British premiers, of the statesmen who can write." Apart from the extraordinary fact that the name of Theodore Roosevelt—to say nothing of von Bülow and Clemenceau and a dozen others which at once occur to one—is omitted from this list, it is questionable whether the pen is, in this case, despite the reviewer, mightier than the sword. These books are interesting, though not—if one may be permitted to utter such a terrible heresy—as books, much less as literature, least of all as "statesmanship," or, to a mere western reader, as criticism. They are primarily interesting as a revelation.

The sixty pages of the "Flight from Siberia" is adorned—unfortunately, it seems to one reviewer—with the picture of a peculiarly offensive-looking wolf making tracks from somewhere, and one does not read far into this curious chronicle to perceive some extraordinary characteristics of the prison life of Russia under the old "tyranny." Trotzky begins with an entry of January 3, 1907, complaining of a transfer from his "little nook," where he could work, to a "big cell," than which nothing could be more "wearisome." "Would it not be better to go on, sitting in cell No. 462, reading, writing, and—waiting?" he asks. "For me, as you know, merely to change my residence requires a great moral effort."

He escaped on February 18th, almost as soon as he arrived. His escape seemed peculiarly easy. It was accompanied by the usual difficulties of traveling in a cold climate in winter. He noted down its incidents from day to day with paper and pencil. On February 25 he left his sleigh for a railway train, found a comfortable coach which would take him back to St. Petersburg—"And the train carried me on and ever on." It is very disappointing; for it seems to have been as easy as that. No pursuit, no hairbreadth escapes, no bloodhounds of the government. Only a ten-day ride with a more or less drunk reindeer driver. Michael Strogoff is much better reading.

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Then there is the youthful Trotzky. He never played much out of doors, he never learned to skate, he can only swim a little, he printed a little magazine with a pen, "the fact of his being a Jew had little influence in the formation of his character and destiny," he went to school finally in Nikolaev, "wearing a nicely pressed new suit of rich tan color, his hair cropped short, and a stylish hat on his head." He did not get on well with the girls, "disposed when he was particularly interested in one to cover it up or express it by treating her with special rudeness and brutality," though "inwardly he was not quite so slick and cocksure as he appeared." He met Alexandra Lvovna, "a Marxist—that was what made conversation so uneasy and life a perpetual statement for the defense." She was six years older than Trotzky, who had "a faculty of burning absorption in problems of mere truth which you and I, chilly Anglo-Saxons [thus Max Eastman] might fail to understand." They quarrelled. "Trotzky's violent resistance to the matter-of-fact interpretation of history before he had read it or really knew what it was about, was an affirmation of life." He graduated from high school, he quarrelled with his father and ran off, he "visited" him, he went to stay with an uncle at Odessa, he revealed mathematical ability in the University of Odessa, he "wasted his uncle's time" talking to him about Napoleon and Tolstoy and Julius Cæsar. He taught a little, he organized revolutionary circles, which met together and talked, especially about calling a strike. "He was intolerant of opposition he had to be the center of every circle and the source of knowledge, even though he had never read a revolutionary book and his mind was a mere glittering résumé of radical magazine articles." "He sat up all night at these meetings, fervently debating, fervently teaching what he knew nothing about." He lost his job. He organized a series of lectures on sociology and the philosophy of history, of which he knew nothing and at which he failed.

Alexandra Lvovna could not resist him, and they lived together. They organized circles and preached revolution in cafés. They addressed workingmen, and fomented strikes. They published a little magazine, pen-printed. He was arrested and put in jail, where he had books, and studied, filled notebooks, learned about Darwin and became amazed that Darwin had believed in God. He married Alexandra Lvovna in the Moscow prison, that they might be exiled to the same village. There they lived a better life than the inhabitants, "a simple and romantically tranquil life," with another political prisoner for a cook. He wrote for the papers and perfected his literary style, he made trouble for the officials because they interfered with his mail. He got in touch with Lenin. He used a forged passport under the name he now bears—that of the head keeper of the Odessa prison—and Leo Bronstein became Trotzky. He became a traveling organizer of revolution. He went to "headquarters" at Zürich, thence to London. There he met Natalia Ivanovna; they fell in love at once, "they have lived together all their lives, he loves her now." She is "not Trotzky's wife, if you have a perfectly legal American mind," she is "Trotzky's best and dearest friend . . . the mother of his sons . . . And to sum up a number of things that are not the business of a contemporary biographer—Alexandra Lvovna is also his friend."

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In his book on Lenin which has as much to do with Trotzky as well as—in places one may say rather than—with its professed subject, we get a vivid picture of this revolutionary group. Having escaped from Siberia, thence fleeing to Switzerland, Trotzky arrived in London in the early morning of October, 1902, where, engaging a cab "because I saw others doing so" he went to "Vladimir Ilyich's home" where he was let in by "Nadezda Constantinovna" whence he got lodgings in the neighborhood and came into touch with the revolutionary circle which met in the house where lived Sasulich, Martof, and Blumenfeld. They talked incessantly, they were filled with "theoretical indignation," they quarrelled tremendously over their respective theories and speculations, they drank endless quantities of beer and tea and coffee, and smoked still more endless cigarettes—one wonders, as he reads, how they lived, for certainly they did not, in any crude manual sense, work. It must be that, as later in New York, he and his fellows, as Eastman observes, lived largely off of their friends.

Then the world changed, and they moved to Russia, to fight first the Provisional government, as "Bolsheviki Internationalists," in Trotzky's phrase. Lenin spoke to the Soviet Congresses quoting a peasant letter, "We must grab the bourgeoisie more firmly so that they will burst in all their seams." The revolution came and they were the masters of Russia. They went to Brest-Litovsk and made peace. "We have kept our face and we are out of the war," said Lenin. Then came the breaking up of the Constituent Assembly, "the complete and public liquidation of formal democracy in the name of the revolutionary dictatorship," to quote Lenin again. They became the rulers of Russia. H. G. Wells came to see Lenin. "'What a bourgeois he is! He is a Philistine!'" said Lenin, "and raised both hands above the table, laughed and sighed, as was characteristic of him when he felt a kind of inner shame for another man." And so finally Lenin was shot by "Dora Kaplan, a revolutionist whom the extreme measures of the Bolsheviki had roused to fury." In their reproduction of the Jacobin Terror, the Bolshevists did not even omit Charlotte Corday.

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In their introduction to the volume on Lenin the publishers take occasion to remark that "Trotzky may be questioned as to facts; his conclusions may be assailed; but there is no doubt of the value of his testimony as to the manner of man" Lenin was. What of Trotzky, for there is as much Trotzky as Lenin in the book? Let us consider his essays.

"When some Constitutional Democratic æsthete makes a long journey in a cattle car, and then tells about it, muttering through his teeth, how he, a most educated European, with the very best false teeth and the most exact knowledge of the technique of the Egyptian ballet, was reduced by the vulgar Revolution to the necessity of traveling with lousy bagmen, a feeling of physical disgust rises in your throat against the false teeth, the æsthetics of the ballet, and against all this culture stolen from the shelves of Europe in general." "In the period before the War, before these culture skimmers had risen on all fours to howl patriotically, a journalistic style had begun to develop in our midst." Thus the critic of life and letters. And again,

> Blok has seen more deeply than Pilnyak. In Blok the revolutionary tendency is expressed in the finished verse.
>
> *At Holy Russia let's fire a shot*
> *At hutted Russia*
> *Thick rumped and solid,*
> *Russia the stolid,*
> *Eh, eh, unhallowed, unblessed.*

Meanwhile in art,

> The proletariat also needs a continuity of creative tradition. At the present time the proletariat realizes this continuity not directly but indirectly, through the creative bourgeois intelligentsia which gravitates towards the proletariat and which wants to keep warm under its wing. The proletariat tolerates a part of this intelligentsia, supports another part, half-adopts a third, and entirely assimilates a fourth. The policy of the Communist Party towards art is determined by the complexity of this process, by its internal many-sidedness. It is impossible to reduce this policy to one formula, to something short like a bird's bill.

Finally Trotzky the statesman.

> Having rationalized his economic system, that is, having saturated it with consciousness and planfulness, man will not leave a trace of the present stagnant and worm-eaten domestic life. The care for food and education which lies like a millstone on the present-day family, will be removed and will become the subject of social initiative and of an endless collective creativeness. Woman will at last free herself from her semi-servile condition. . . . Life will cease to be elemental and for this reason stagnant. Man who will learn how to move rivers and mountains, how to build people's palaces on the peaks of Mont Blanc, and at the bottom of the Atlantic, will not only be able to add to his own life richness, brilliancy and intensity, but also a dynamic quality of the highest degree. The shell of life will hardly have time to form before it will burst open again under the pressure of new technical and cultural inventions and achievements. Life in the future will not be monotonous.

So, insensibly into prophecy. Moreover,

> The human species, the coagulated *homo sapiens*, will once more enter into a state of radical transformation, and, in his own hands, will become an object of the most complicated methods of artificial selection and psycho-physical training. . . . The human race will not have ceased to crawl on all fours before God, kings, and capital, in order later to submit humbly before the dark laws of heredity and a blind sexual selection. . . . There can be no doubt that man's extreme anatomical and physiological disharmony, that is the extreme disproportion in the growth and wearing out of organs and tissues, give the life instinct the form of a pinched, morbid, and hysterical fear of death, which darkens reason and which feeds the stupid and humiliating fantasies about life after death. . . . The shell in which the cultural construction and self-education of Communist man will be enclosed will develop all the vital elements of art to the highest point. Man will become immeasurably stronger, wiser, and subtler; his body will become more harmonized, his movements more rhythmic, his voice more musical. The forms of life will become more dynamically dramatic. The average human type will rise to the heights of an Aristotle, a Goethe, or a Marx. And above this ridge new peaks will rise.

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Thus statesmanship ascends into prophecy. It has already begun. For the papers now chronicle the latest utterance, that "China is full of the Moscow spirit, which is all penetrating and cannot be conquered. It will conquer the world by freeing it." Thus is the oldest of existing civilizations infused with the spirit of the newest. It is a miracle; but it is no greater miracle than the elevation of such a man from such beginnings to such a height. It is a dream; but the dream of the boy who wished to talk about Napoleon and Cæsar has come true. Why not the Communist millenium? Only if life is to be more dynamic than it is now, whither shall those of us who seek to escape the present confusion find refuge? Certainly not in "Commutopia," as our advertisers would doubtless christen it.

## Heroes All

ANIMAL HEROES OF THE GREAT WAR. By ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES. Macmillan. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

THOUGH dog and horse and camel and elephant and mule and carrier pigeon have been used, to wholesale extent, in a hundred wars in a score of lands, for centuries, yet their employment in the World War was enough of a novelty to inspire a vast quantity of literature and near-literature and non-literature in the theme; ranging from sloppily imaginary tales to the crisp records in the War Offices. The most complete and entertaining and authoritative work of the kind, thus far, is this posthumous volume by Ernest Baynes.

Baynes not only made a personal study of his subject, at the various fronts, but he took to the task an unusual knowledge of animal life and animal nature and animal restrictions; and an ability to make facts interesting without warping them. From Kipling's immortal and immoral "commisariat camuel" to the homing pigeon, each and every animal used to practical advantage in the War is tabulated and his training and his deeds are set forth with wealth of detail. The bounding of the list by camel and dove is not accurate; for the part played by canary birds and garden slugs in the detection of poison gas is also described.

The slug, by the way, had the easiest job of the lot. Curled up by a dose of gas he slept off his asphyxia and uncurled himself cheerily for another attack. He was immune. His war-work, apparently, cost him nothing but his time.

Baynes verifies Major Vivian's tale of a camel's eccentricities under fire. The unwinsome brute can stand drowsily uninterested while machine guns spray their contents into his anatomy—and is strongly liable to die of heart failure if a paper bag is exploded close to his ear. He is the blended mainstay and nightmare of his human handlers; their best carrier and their most abhorred pest. The army mule, Baynes's records show, far outvalues the horse; whether for dauntless work under fire or for making his way over bad ground. The pigeon, too, can elude sharpshooter fire which would annihilate any larger and slower courier.

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But it is to the war-dog that Baynes devotes more of his book than to all these others;—the wardog whose hero-exploits a million returned soldiers have chanted; the only animal of the lot that seemed to know clearly what he was doing and why he was doing it and who romped open-eyed with death for the sake of the trainers he loved. It is hard to touch on him without sentiment; not to say maudlin sentimentality. Baynes gives plenty of the former and with deft hand steers free of the latter. His book tells, and tells brilliantly, what everyone knew:—that tens of thousands of patient and friendly animals were slaughtered as pawns in the iron game; and that they did their work cleanly and well. They were sent to the front to do the task allotted to them and, if need be, to die doing it. Those of them that survived profited in no way from the struggle; nor by such handful of praise as has been meted out to them. Many of them achieved what no human friend could have achieved. As a rule a more or less agonizing death was their guerdon for duty steadfastly done.

*Not theirs was the planning and plotting,*
*and naught could they profit thereby.*
*But theirs was the dying and rotting——*

Baynes has been their best war correspondent and biographer and eulogist. They merited such a chronicler. That is the highest praise that can be accorded book or writer. He performed a masterly piece of work; by far the finest of its kind.

The worth of the volume is in no way increased by a too-long and too-vituperative preface by Owen Wister, devoted chiefly to lauding vivisection and to characterizing its non-adherents as "tumefied egos and sympathy perverts" and worse. His invective has no bearing on the subject-matter of the book; unless to reawaken an unwilling memory that Baynes, in his last years, earned a needed and precarious living by advocating the vivisection of the very animals whose piteous cause he once had championed. One prefers to forget that, in admiration of his present book.

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# Books of Special Interest

## Fables and Poems

TWO FABLES. Translated by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925. $1.50 net.

HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. Haverford, Pa.: *The Haverfordian.* 1925.

Reviewed by CHARLES VALE

TWO more slim volumes to swell Christopher Morley's steadily growing list. "Hostages to Fortune" is a collection, within modest compass, of Morley's "youthful flights in prose and verse" during his college days, as President Comfort of Haverford explains in his foreword. They were not collected by Morley himself—he merely identifies them regretfully—but by the editors of *The Haverfordian*, the old college monthly, in which this "versatile son" of their *alma mater* first tested his literary pinions. Youthful, naturally, they are—not every adolescent has the youthlessness of a Chatterton; but they are also flights, interesting though tentative, and the curious may trace the early development of the humor and imagination that characterize so surely Morley's later work. They will find also in his verse—little as there is of it here, and that little experimental—an unmistakably authentic note; and it will be strange if this note should not persist in maturer work of high value.

In "Two Fables," Morley gives an admirable translation of Alfred de Musset's "Histoire d'un Merle Blanc"—"Story of a White Blackbird"—and of Wilhelm Hauff's "Der Affe als Mensch"—one of the "Märchen" tales—which appears here under the changed title of "The Young Foreigner," as the translator considers that Hauff's own title gives the nub of the fable prematurely. As far as Mr. Morley could find out, it had only once before been put into English, in a Bohn's Library volume; and not altogether satisfactorily. The present (and quite satisfactory) translation was done just before August, 1914. That was not a very appropriate time for the publication of even such an interesting sidelight on Anglo-German psychologies, so the story was put away "until the White Blackbird came along and seemed a curiously congenial companion." It appears now a hundred years after the brilliant young Hauff (he was only twenty-five when he died) wrote it, with his other "Märchen" stories, for the children of Baron von Hügel, the famous Württemberg minister of war.

The tale is too brief, and too cleverly told, to be spoilt by dissection here. Those who know Hauff will like to see what Morley has made of this characteristic story; and some of those who don't know him may be induced to read not only the "Märchen" series, but his masterpiece, the "Phantasien im Bremer Ratskeller."

Musset's delightful satire, the "White Blackbird," Mr. Morley came upon during a recent trip in Normandy. "Less broadly comic than Hauff's story, more delicately humorous, somehow it seemed to me that the two belonged in a book together," and to most readers, it will seem that he was right. Each has the impress of nationality; but even in their contrasts, made so clear by contiguity, they accentuate each other. The Gallic thrust is swift and light, the German slower and heavier; but Musset outreaches Hauff.

It is pleasant to see that Morley's instinct for the right word can easily bridge the three-quarters of a century between the deceived and undeceived Blackbird's first appearance and our own classical days. "I shall show myself inexorable, inaccessible to love," the phenomenon resolves, realizing that his whiteness has set him apart from his kind, and doomed him to solitude and fame. "In vain let them urge and implore me to take pity on the luckless frails maddened by my songs of passion." And when the snowy frail who cannot be resisted finally arrives, and he urges a swift and simple mating, the bride-elect observes, "I want our wedding to have some swank about it." Well, a painted (or white-pasted) blackbird is not the only member of her sex who has wanted to have some swank about her wedding. Incidentally, this little lady (so strong is sex solidarity) preached strenuously the emancipation of female blackbirds. Like her sensational husband, she was a literary bird, prodigiously prolific and assertive. "In a word, no effort was beyond the compass of her ingenuity, no situation was too strong for her modesty. She never needed to erase a line nor to make a plan of the plot before beginning work. She was the perfect type of a literary female." This seems a trifle bitter from the one-time lover of George Sand; but Musset had some bitter memories. As Swinburne remarked, "Alfred was a terrible flirt, and George did not behave as a perfect gentleman"; and characteristically, the flirt found it difficult—too difficult—to forgive the frail.

## In Western America

MESA, CAÑON AND PUEBLO. By CHARLES F. LUMMIS. New York: The Century Co. 1925. $4.50.

INDIANS OF THE ENCHANTED DESERT. By LEO CRANE. Little, Brown & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by MARY HUNTER

MR. CRANE and Mr. Lummis would probably be anathema to each other. To Mr. Crane, Mr. Lummis would be one of those "friends of the Indian" ever eager to clasp the long suffering creature to the sentimental warmth of his bosom, while to Mr. Lummis, Mr. Crane would be simply the representative of the obnoxious and meddlesome Bureau of Indian Affairs.

Mr. Crane has been for more than ten years a competent and successful Indian agent, honestly accomplishing his duty from a departmental point of view. His attitude toward the people under his supervision is that of the bureaucratic official, to protect the Indian from himself and all other people, to see that he is properly cared for according to white man's standards, sent to a white man's type of school, and brought up in the way he should go as a good sub-bureaucrat.

Why he has called his book "Indians of the Enchanted Desert" remains a mystery after three hundred and sixty-four pages. The incidents might have taken place anywhere against any background so far as they give any sense of the southwestern Indians as a people arrested by our benevolent paternalism in a sociologically illuminating stage of developing culture. The author presents clearly the maze of red tape and stupidities in which the difficult and often maligned office of Indian agent is entangled, and at the same time the *unintelligent* and *unquestioning* loyalty which every good agent must feel for his Service.

On the whole it is an entertaining, straightforward account of an executive life against an interesting background which Mr. Crane has looked at and described objectively and never seen in its significant reality. One short paragraph quoted from Gregory's "Navajo Country" is more enlightening as to the influence of climatic conditions on the Hopi than whole chapters by Mr. Crane. He devotes one chapter to the Hopi customs of christening, marriage, and the like, giving the reader hardly more than a cursory glance at the details. The Indian is to him always the "savage," "well-meaning" perhaps, but "misguided."

The tourist to Mr. Crane is a creature who should be quietly but firmly removed from the earth. He interferes with government business, offers criticisms both warranted and unwarranted, makes a nuisance of himself generally. In other words, he shows an interest in his country, its inhabitants, and management—which incidentally he supports—which is under the control of the officials of his government, and therefore none of his, the inquiring tourist's, business.

Mr. Lummis, however, preaches a crusade of the tourist with a fervor equalled by Mr. Crane's fervor of opposition. His "Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo" is an expansion of an early work, "Some Strange Corners of Our Country," published in 1892, a book for years the most stimulating and informing study on the Southwest. In revising it, he has attempted to cover the thirty-five years or so of change that have taken place. Except for the fact that the new edition has a large number of splendid and unusual photographs, one could wish that Mr. Lummis had left the book in its original less bulky form and in its higher literary position as a pioneer work.

The revision has been undertaken in the spirit of propaganda for "See America First," and by that he seems to mean that part of America dealt with in his book, the southwestern country lying between the Pacific coast and the eastern border of New Mexico. The beauty and splendor of the southwest has become a theology to Mr. Lummis and he has appointed himself as its special fore-ordained proclaimer. It is only occasionally in the revised part that the book becomes more than a geographical harangue.

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# Foreign Literature

## The First Rogue

By WALDO FRANK

THE Spain of Isabel and Ferdinand, of Carlos and Philip II—wherein is she great? In her Idea and Will. These prove the Globe and bind it: these in their own way prove and make her one with God. But Spain, the body of men living in towns and huertas, is indigent and disordered.

At her spiritual climax, under Isabel, Carlos, and Philip II, Spain was squalid. By contrast with the state of England, of France, of the German towns, and of the cities of Morocco, she was an economic laggard. Her nobles with their retinues cut swathes of gold through the landsides. She was full of heroes and of saints. But the land was arid with neglect. War had razed her forests. Seven centuries of reconquest, making labor despicable beside the guerdons of battle, had sapped her artisans and burghers. What the long wars began, the Inquisition and the Expulsions carried on. Jews—a solid class of craftsmen and middlemen—were expelled. The Granadan Moors—ablest of Spain's cultivators—were making homesick songs about their Andalusian farms, in semi-desert Fez and Marrakech. There were more vagabonds in Spain than farmers, more soldiers than laborers. There were more hidalgoes and caballeros than artisans and merchants. There were seven million Spaniards—and nine thousand convents!

*Some men are poor because they are* weak and dull: some are poor because they are men of genius. Amsterdam and London grow bright and rich, because such is their will. Avila and Toledo remain dingy, because their will is elsewhere. Spain is virile, brilliantly equipped. But Spain has resolved to be a hero and a saint. Spain has no time to pave streets, who paves the way for Christ beyond the sea. Spain has no time for natural science, for agriculture and for the tricks of trade, who is so expert in theology.

In the extremes of her life, there is none wider than this between the spirit of Spain's enterprise and her condition. The crass and earthly elements of Spain are not destroyed nor repressed by her religious will: they are engaged. They must serve in her armies, even though the fight be a Crusade. They must man her ships, even though the mariner's compass be divinely pointed. They are intensified indeed, like all the parts of Spain. And like the other elements of her world, brutality and lust assume in a particular form the wholeness of Spain's will.

Spain is adventuring. Now the sheer impulse of adventure is embodied. The *pícaro* is born. He has in him the aboriginal Spaniard: that unruly, lusty, atomic man whom Rome encountered, whom the Cid personified. He is an anarch, brutal as the Iberian of the north, shrewd and subtle as the Phœnician of the south. He is this aboriginal, complex man of Spain shaped by the Spanish will. The pícaro is not lawless: he is an outlaw. He reacts from Spain's social purpose, from Spain's social structure, from the mysticism and heroism of this later Spain. Like all reactive bodies, he resembles his opponent. And it is this union in him—the direct issue from the source of Spain and the direct response to Spanish culture—which makes him so true an element in that culture.

⁂ ⁂

The pícaro was long in coming. The Cid promised him in the Twelfth Century, and the *romanceros* in the two centuries that followed. The genial Juan Ruiz, archpriest of Hita, in 1300, came close to his spirit in the graphic form . . . a mingled piety and license . . . of his great *Libro de buen amor*. Fernando de Rojas, who began "La Celestina" in 1499, did not create the pícaro only because he created something deeper. Like "Don Quixote" at the end of the cycle, "La Celestina" ere its beginning transcends the pícaro and contains him. Now come the Castilian versions of Amadis de Gaul. The spirit of errant adventure waxes so strong that it **invades the hagiographa: Spaniards of the** Age of Carlos read histories of the saints fully as marvelous and picaresque as the profaner tales in the library of Don Quixote. Finally after these ages of annunciation, the pícaro arrives, full-fleshed. His name is Lazarillo do Tormes: his date is 1554: his author is unknown.

In this pattern of antithesis whose symphony is Spain, the response to Santa Teresa is the procuress of Rojas, the Celestina, that most tender, robustious, scoundrelly, womanly woman. The response to the flame-like San Juan de la Cruz is Lazarillo. San Juan personifies Spain's purpose, which is divine: Lazarillo embodies Spain's methods which are brutal. San Juan is not abstract: he is an embodiment of purpose. Lazarillo is not mere flesh: in his trickeries and thefts there is an inverted consciousness of Spain which makes his path through old and new Castile almost as luminous as the path of the saint.

This consciousness is marked by irony: and irony is in the weave of every picaresque design. For the Spanish rascal is no mere reaction from heroic gesture. He is reversion as well. He is moved by the same energy that has uprisen in the forms of asceticism and crusade. His antiphony is but a subtle swerving back from the life he wars on, to Spain's common base. The pícaro has the resource, the intensity, the method, of conquistador and crusader: but he preys on his own land. He has the passionateness of the saint; but it is directed toward woman. He is a casuist like the Jesuit; but his aim is to filch a purse. He navigates uncharted wastes like Columbus: to fill his belly and to save his skin. This continuous awareness of Spain's noble world, this subtle swerve transforming it into villainy and lust, make the ironic pattern. The low tricks of the pícaro, weaving through the high fabric of his land, once more limn Spain in her fulness.

Lazarillo is the first of a long line. The book that tells of him has scarce a hundred pages: yet it seems wide and deathless as the land from Salamanca to Toledo which its hero crosses. Lazarillo is a lad born of poor but unworthy parents. A blind beggar teaches him how to survive as a rascal in a rascally world. The young virtuoso outdoes his master. He becomes the servant of a starving but haughty knight, of a parsimonious churchman, of a shrewd and lecherous burgher with whom he makes a treaty which includes the sharing of his wife.

Lazarillo encounters Spain; and the land grows alive at his touch. Disorder, corruption, folly beneath the façade of splendor. But now, an acute principle synthetises the chaos: the pícaro like a wistful agent of intelligence, envelops Spain and makes Spain one with pity. This pity is of a new order, among the emotions of art. It is neither mystical nor sentimental. It is the child of a modern autonomy: it is the pity of reason.

⁂ ⁂

In Spain, the picaresque merges quickly with profounder worlds; and loses its æsthetic sharpness; and has its share in the birth of a book which is a Scripture: "Don Quixote." The true form shrinks to formula. The symbol of the rogue, preying on society and so revealing it, is exploited by minds more analytic than creative. In the hands of such masters as Quevedo, the pícaro becomes a concept of pessimism: a chemic force with which to test and to destroy the world. The pícaro voyages to France. But in Le Sage and Marivaux (to name but the greatest), the physical and intellectual movements of the rogue are stressed. France veers backward toward Scapin—toward the scamp of the classic comedy—whose essential difference is great. England takes more deeply. Animal joyousness, social revelation, a bitterness turned sentimental come back to life respectively in Smollett, Fielding, Sterne. But they unite in no one work comparable with Lazarillo save it be in "Moll Flanders." Even Defoe wants the luminous poetic atmosphere whereby the crass materials of the tale have their dimension.

No great master outside Spain recreates the picaresque whole. For the Spanish rogue is sterile without the aspirational afflatus of his race, in which he adventures, from which he reacts, and which he embodies in ironic contrast. That is why the greatest heirs of the pícaro of Spain are not his direct sons in Eighteenth Century France and England. They are, indeed, his collateral and remote descedants of a modern world in which once again energy has become aspirant and religious. They are the heroes of Stendhal. Above all, they appear in Russia—that other extreme of Europe which touches Spain in the domain of spirit: the buyer of "Dead Souls" of Gogol, the mystic criminals of Dostoievski.


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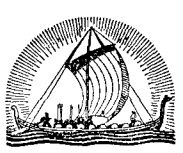

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# Points of View

## An Irate Subscriber

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

As a charter subscriber to the *Saturday Review*, I wish to enter a protest to your sidestep from the supposed purpose of the magazine—literature—to another purpose—that of anti-Eighteenth Amendment propaganda, as per your article in last week's issue. If there are any laws in these United States which are persistently obeyed and that, too, by the same stratum of society as the one to which you refer as being one of importance, they are the speed laws.

Yet, strange to say, we do not hear you or your friend (in the cause of liquor) Mr. Martin of *Harper's*, raising any hue and cry over this condition.

To an innocent bystander, one who contends that adherence to the tenets of the Eighteenth Amendment neither makes life drab or curtails liberty, the term which you and your ilk use—personal liberty—in your tirades, would be nearer the truth if it were changed to the term "personal appetite."

Now—print this letter in your magazine if you dare; it has just as proper a place in your columns as had your article which shone forth on the first page of the issue of last week.

A former admirer—a present irate subscriber.

JESSIE G. BECKMAN.

Monrovia, California.

## Bibliodyspepsia

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I wish to present to your attention a new disease which I have called Bibliodyspepsia. You, I understand, are a philosophical doctor and, in this day of Nordic supremacy, any doctor may treat the sick.

Bibliodyspepsia is a pandemic disease attacking readers of the printed word. It is found commonly among outlanders. It is caused by an over-confidence in reviewers and a hero-worship for authors who have accomplished, at some period of their careers, good writing. It is the result of a lack of appreciation of one's own literary appreciation.

There seems to be a growing pessimism regarding matters of literary appreciation. Readers are complaining that they do not understand the trend in literary work. Some are frightened at their own shadowy misapprehension of publishers' blurbs, reviews, and the general ballyhoo that attend the launching of a new book. They are stirring in their long sleep of nonchalance and are dreaming nightmares that show themselves as unappreciative and unintelligent. All this comes from a diet too filled with vitamines, hormones and sugar. In other words, bibliodyspepsia.

The outlander suffers most. He lives in an isolated place where intelligent conversation is at a premium. He must be satisfied with the material the mail brings him. The outlander is inundated with advertisements from publishing houses. He is swamped with the multitudes of writings in the literary journals. He buys much literary fodder and, in his abundance of leisure, tries to digest it. He develops an indigestion because he reads with preconceived notions of the book at hand. Because he cannot agree, honestly, with what he has read concerning the book, he is worried about his appetite.

The outlander writes a letter to his favorite publication and begs the editor to diagnose his case and recommend treatment. The editor is a man of vast experience in diagnosing the ills of books but he is the veritable layman when it comes to the treatment of literary indigestion. The editor appreciates the torments of the outlander but can offer nothing to alleviate the pain. He prints the letter and others take up the issue.

Some readers will diagnose the case in a few words. The patient has earned his indisposition. He has tried to digest the diet of an ostrich when he should have been on five per cent vegetables or fed pap. Another reader insists that the condition can be cured only by the administration of large doses of cathartics which, for the most part, are courses in highly concentrated criticism. The poor devil reads and tries all the quack remedies and finds himself in a worse condition.

The patient becomes pessimistic, curt, iconoclastic. He throws all his medicine out of the window and stops reading. Then he suffers the pangs endured by martyr hunger-strikers. He gets no commiseration and develops literary neuresthenia. This condition is nothing but a desire to do what he feels he should do but cannot bring himself to the labor of doing it. He wants to continue his reading.

If the patient has a curwoodalgia or a haroldbellwrightitis, he is incurable. If he has a menckenophobia or a vanvechtenodynia, there is a chance for help. But if he has developed a morleycomplex, God help him.

The cure is to be found in the reading of books before one has read the reviews of them (this requires tremendous will power), and the patient's subconscious must forget any author's past work. The patient must develop a confidence in his own appreciation.

Will you kindly page Dr. Joseph Collins and inform him a new disease has been discovered which he must study, developing a line of treatment in order that "thousands now living will never die?"

Brick Church, Pa. M. B. MARBAKER.

## On Writing

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

After I had read Sherwood Anderson's review of "An American Tragedy," in your issue of January 9th, I determined to write the present letter, not from any feelings of personal enmity toward reviewer and author, but because the matter extends far beyond Mr. Anderson's accuracy in the specific review, or Mr. Dreiser's fame.

Mr. Anderson begins by admitting that Theodore Dreiser is often crude, unbelievably dull, and cumbersome—a writer of "terrible" sentences and awkwardly misused words. However, these defects are of no importance to the reviewer, and he goes on to lavish the highest of praise upon the tenderness of the author, and his love of human beings, and his "beauty"—that impressive, overused word, which is easy to mention and harder to prove—and his compassionate attitude toward common people. As a background for this eulogy, the reviewer cites writers whom he describes as "the smarties, the word-slingers, the clever fellows, the nasty cocksure half men of the writing world."

One cannot fail to notice a curious, underlying harmony between most modern critics of literature in this country—they have not the slightest interest in literature itself! They insist that the art of writing—it was generally supposed to be an art once upon a time—should become a steam-shovel, or a toothpick, or a kiss and a handkerchief for the lips and eyes, or a sermon, or a jug of molasses, or anything except a skilful and distinct combination of words used for the purpose of symbolizing thoughts and emotions. I knew an old negress in my boyhood days in the South, who was filled with valid tenderness and with a largely inarticulate but sincere love of human beings—that softly decayed, near-sighted, naked simplicity, in which the mind is scarcely more than the browbeaten servant of limited emotions. If you listened to her for ten minutes, she was piquant and warmly droll in her mingled caresses and stupidities, but after an hour had elapsed she became boresome, and monotonous, and over-transparent. Apparently, American critics can never have too much of these latter three qualities, because literature to them is a pretext—a medium which they heed only when it entirely confines itself to an expression of the few, broad, emotional attitudes commonly reiterated in life. When the author is more subtle, varied, thoughtful, and searching, and when his emotions use words in a delicate experiment with questions, and uncertainties, he is dismissed through the use of reliable but rather unsubstantiated nouns and adjectives—word-slinger, tenuous—must one have the heaviness of an elephant to be important?—artificial, precious, clever, word-juggler, stilted trifler—and the process reminds me of school-boy throwing epithets at the English-teacher who persists in correcting his "tender" but bungling compositions. If literature is to be rated solely on the basis of its loving and serviceable attitude toward men and women, and if all matters of style, and dexterity, and depth of thought, and gracefulness, and clarity are to be dismissed as obnoxious trivialities, then I would seriously advise every sympathetic, tolerant, and compassionate bricklayer, merchant, and lawyer, to apply himself immediately to the writing of fiction, and to proclaim himself as one of the foremost American writers. Such minute things as the proper use of nouns, adjectives, and adverbs would not have to worry these beginning writers, for they could instantly gain the praise of seven-tenths of the existing American critics and book-reviewers.

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# The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

## Art

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LADDER. Cartoons by CAMILLUS KESSLER. Lippincott. $10.

C. R. W. NEVINSON. Scribners. $2 *net.*

DUTCH ARCHITECTURE OF THE XXTH CENTURY. Edited by *J. P. Mieras and F. R. Yerbury.* Scribners. $10 net.

ARCHITECTURAL RENDERING IN WASH. By *H. Van Buren Magonigle.* Scribners. $3.

PRACTICAL PICTORIAL COMPOSITION. By *E. G. Lutz.* Scribners. $2.

## Belles Lettres

THE COMIC AND THE REALISTIC IN ENGLISH DRAMA. By JOHN B. MOORE. University of Chicago Press. 1925. $2.

*This decorous little dissertation* runs over the types of English comedy from the liturgical drama to 1600 in order to determine the essential relation of realism to comedy. The five "comic laws" with which the author comes out are somewhat wordy statements of obvious if not always easily applicable principles. The weakness of the book derives in part from its attempts to generalize about comedy on the basis of an examination restricted to its less civilized manifestations in England, and in part from a manner of writing which is both verbose and needlessly categorical.

As a definition of realism in comedy the author suggests the following: "the ever varying injection of familiar material —bits of current speech, or little natural touches of everyday environment, or intimate sketches of well-known persons like the constable, the schoolmaster, the tavern host." He notes that in one of the mediæval nativity plays the shepherds present the holy infant with a horn-spoon. "It at once occurs to the realist," he observes, "that this is a practical gift in two ways: (1) it is unbreakable material; (2) it is useful in everyday life."

Anyone who feels the need of having such conclusions pointed out to him may well devote a few hours to reading this book.

DANTE'S CONCEPTION OF JUSTICE. By *Allan H. Gilbert. Duke University Press.* $2.50.

THE SONNET: TODAY AND YESTERDAY. By *David Morton. Putnam.* $1.75.

CONTEMPORARY RUSSIAN LITERATURE. By *Prince D. S. Mirsky.* Knopf. $4 net.

OTHELLO IN FRENCH. By *Margaret Gilman.* Paris: Champion.

FOOL'S ADVICE. *By Edgar A. Singer.* Holt.

THE DANCE OF SIVA. By *Ananda Coomaraswany.* Sunwise Turn.

## Biography

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GUIBERT (Broadway Translations). Dutton. 1925. $3.

The Autobiography of Guibert, Abbot of Nogent-sous-Coucy, contemporary of St. Anselm and the First Crusade, is a treasure-house of information on eleventh century education, monastic life, and the beginnings of the great mediæval towns. It is also delightful reading with its mingling of scholarship and superstition, its stories of necromancy and devils, its other-worldiness warring with human weakness. The good abbot was no philosopher, no Augustine; he was naïve, simple-minded, and garrulous; but he was supremely honest, revealing unsavory ecclesiastical secrets in what must have been a most embarrassing manner, opposing the reckless fabrication of relics, and stating what he supposed to be facts with a candor as rare in the Eleventh as in the Twentieth Century.

THE RELIGION OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. By JAMES MADISON STIFLER. Appleton. 1925. $2.

Franklin, child of orthodox Presbyterian parents, coquetted with Deism for a short period in his youth but soon reverted to a belief in a providential deity accessible to prayer, and, while never accepting the dogmas of Christianity, always retained a certain faith in the church as an ethical institution. His unspeculative, pragmatic attitude was only differentiated from that of thousands of unreflective minds today by its vivid personal tang and ever-present common sense. Mr. Stifler's book, a careful compilation of Franklin's religious opinions as expressed in his letters and published writings, without bringing to light any new material, puts the old in a readily accessible form.

W. MURRAY CRANE. By *Solomon Bulkley Griffin.* Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

THE DIARY OF A YOUNG LADY OF FASHION. By *Cleone Knox.* Edited by *Alexander Blacker Kerr.* Appleton. $2.50.

THE LIFE OF BENITO MUSSOLINI. By *Margherita G. Sarfatti.* Stokes.

REMINISCENCES. By *Princess Marie zu Erbach-Schönberg.* Brentanos. $4.50.

MINIATURE PORTRAITS. By *Gédéon Tallemant, Sieur des Réaux.* Brentanos. $4.

BEETHOVEN. By *Paul Bekker.* Translated by *M. M. Bozman.* Dutton. $4.

CYRUS NORTHROP. By *Oscar W. Firkins.* University of Minnesota Press.

## Business

BREAKING THROUGH COMPETITION. By *Ray Giles.* Appleton. $2.

RUDIMENTS OF BUSINESS FINANCE. By *Edward Sherwood Mead and Karl W. H. Scholz.* Appleton. $2.

## Fiction

SLEEPING DOGS. By MABEL BARNES-GRUNDY. Stokes. 1925. $2.

English humor at its mildest and most conventional is the foundation for "Sleeping Dogs," and the finished product is not conducive to interest, let alone hilarity. Mrs. Barnes-Grundy is that very unfortunate person, a plodding humorist. She conceived of a wife and fiancée who want to enjoy life and can't get their menfolks to take them to dances and theatres, whereupon they take French leave for Switzerland. The sleeping dogs wake with a vengeance; and the book skips from Switzerland to London, back and forth, with each pair portrayed in some politely humorous episodes of no great enjoyment to themselves or the reader. The author has nothing more exciting or original to offer than some quiet flirtations, hired dancing-partners, reducing cures, and boring visitors at Swiss resorts. The book is too well-bred. It lacks spice and flavor, unless you are content with the flavor of tea.

SULAMITH. By ALEXANDRE KUPRIN. New York: The Adelphi Co. 1926.

Scholars may insist that the Hebrew Song of Songs is a collection of folk-poetry, it will nonetheless always remain in the popular mind the Song of Solomon, a record of the personal passion and devotion of a great monarch. It is as such that Kuprin has woven it into a lyrical romance wherein the love of Solomon and Sulamith moves from idyllic beginning to tragic conclusion. The tale is embroidered with episodes illustrative of Solomon's wisdom taken from Talmudic lore. The lustful personality of Queen Astis and the orgiastic worship of Isis form a contrasting theme to the beauty of the Solomon-Sulamith *motif.* The lyricism of Kuprin is decorative, reminding one of Théophile Gautier. Of all the Russians, he is the one pure artist, unshaken by religious, ethical, or political demands, undisturbed by transcendental questionings. From one point of view, this marks his work as decadent, personalities dissolving in patterns and warmth of human interest congealing in clarity of vision, but from another it is intimately bound up with his attainment of technical perfection. "Sulamith" truly shines with a "hard, gem-like flame." It is well that translations of "Sulamith" and "Gambrinus" have appeared in the same year: the distance between the brutally realistic setting of "Gambrinus" and the conventionalized pictures of "Sulamith" indicates the breadth of Kuprin's art.

FERNANDE. By W. B. MAXWELL. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $2.

Though heavily weighted with imperfections in technique, W. B. Maxwell rarely fails to tell a good story. "Fernande," his latest, is, like "Spinster of This Parish," a readable novel and an interesting study of a woman. In it Maxwell has, as usual, entered a new field—but with the same equipment and expectations.

Fernande, inexplicably even to herself, is driven to enmesh hopelessly two men to gratify her longing for power and love and then to accept unhappiness to save them from the consequences of her whims. In Fernande, better than in her lovers and the shadowy other women, Maxwell has done an interesting character, convincing and distressingly alluring. Though not fully and richly characterized, she has been created with a persistence that caught effective variations of her principal traits.

Though its suspense is well sustained, "Fernande" is neither skilfully nor interestingly written. Maxwell, perhaps because he came to writing so late in life, lacks feeling for the nuances of style and

(*Continued on next page*)


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*In the First Reader, N.Y. World — Dec. 30th, 1925.*

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# The New Books

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(*Continued from preceding page*)

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THE HOUSE OF CRIMSON SHADOWS. By *H. de Vere Stacpoole*. Small, Maynard. $2 net.
THE BURIED RUBIES. By *Edgar Jepson*. Siebel.
BILLY BARNICOAT. By *Greville MacDonald*. Dutton. $2.
THE MYSTERY OF THE GOLCONDA. By *William N. Vaile*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
RIDERS OF THE WIND. By *Elswyth Thane*. Stokes. $2.
LOLLY WILLOWES. By *Sylvia Townsend Warner*. Viking Press.
THE LONE HAND. By *Joseph B. Ames*. Century. $2.
MARY GLENN. By *Sarah G. Millin*. Boni & Liveright.
MENDEL MARANTZ. By *David Freedman*. New York: Langdon Publishing Co.
FOUR TALES. By *Zélide*. Scribners. $3.75.
THE STAR OF THE ALAMO. By *Willis Vernon Cole*. Writers Guild.
THE DEATH OF A MILLIONAIRE. By *J. D. H.* and *Margaret Cole*. Macmillan. $2.
THE MASTER PASSION. By *Guy de Maupassant*. Brentanos. $2.50.
THE LOVE LETTERS OF ST. JOHN. Edited by *Bolton Hall*. Frank-Maurice. $1.50.
THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. By *Charles Dickens*. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.
LODGERS IN LONDON. By *Adelaide Eden Phillpotts*. Little, Brown. $2 net.
THE BRONZE HAND. By *Carolyn Wells*. Lippincott. $2.
ROSA. By *Knut Hamsun*. Knopf. $2.50 net.
THE PLUMED PRESENT. By *D. H. Lawrence*. Knopf. $3 net.
THE BATTLE TO THE WEAK. By *Hilda Vaughan*. Harpers.
THE BASELESS FABRIC. By *Helen Simpson*. Knopf.
TRIUMPH. By *Léonie Aminoff*. Dutton. $2.
STARBRACE. By *Sheila Kaye-Smith*. Dutton. $2.
THE WHISPERING CANYON. By *John Mersereau*. Clode. $2 net.
THE LIMPING MAN. By *Francis Grierson*. Clode. $2 net.
THE HOUSE. By *Grace Kellogg Griffith*. Penn.

## Miscellaneous

CHILDREN'S READING. By LEWIS M. TERMAN and MARGARET LIMA. Appleton. 1926. $2.

This guide for parents and teachers seemed to us rather heavy and full fare, not alive with interest and enthusiasm for the subject as is Miss Moore's "Three Owls," a far less pretentious and much more readable and informal book. The best is to be found about half way through, where an excellent and descriptive bibliography and well arranged lists of children's books are included. Too much that is statistical and tabulated and not enough that is human and kindly and the result of knowing children as themselves, not studying them as so many "little cases," would be our reaction to this very carefully edited volume.

INSIDE SECRET OF PHOTOPLAY WRITING. By *Willard King Bradley*. Funk & Wagnalls. $2 net.
TELL ME ANOTHER. By *Lord Aberdeen*. London: Edward Arnold.
A GERMAN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY. By *Herman C. C. Brandt*. New York: Stechert.
THE TYPOGRAPHIC TREASURES IN EUROPE. By *Edward Everett Bartlett*. Putnams.
THE LIGHT WHICH CANNOT FAIL. By *Winifred Holt*. Dutton.
A HANDBOOK FOR THE BLIND AND THEIR FRIENDS. By Winifred Holt. Dutton.
STRANGE ADVENTURES OF THE SEA. By *J. G. Lockhart*. Stokes.
WINNING ORATIONS. Compiled by *O. W. Coursey*. Vol. II. Mitchell, S. D., Education Supply Co.
THE OVERBURY MYSTERY. By *Edward Abbott Parry*. Scribners. $5.
ICE HOCKEY. By *Thomas K. Fisher*. Scribners. $1.75.

## Philosophy

STUDIES IN SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY. By JAMES EDWIN CREIGHTON. Macmillan. 1925.

The fourteen addresses by the late Professor Creighton here collected in one volume, although delivered on various occasions and treating of divergent topics, nevertheless present a unified body of philosophic doctrine. The methods and insights of objective or "speculative idealism," as Professor Creighton, accepting the terminology of Bosanquet, preferred to call it, sharply differentiated from the subjective or Berkeleyan type of idealism, are defended against realistic assaults, are directed to clarify philosophic method and its prevailing concepts of experience, value, nature, and reality. The work is characterized by the clear-sightedness, sanity, and depth inseparable from Professor Creighton's writings.

## Poetry

ANTHOLOGY OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN POEMS. Compiled by *C. Elissa Sharpley*. Dutton. $1.50.
FAR HORIZONS. By *Bliss Carman*. Small, Maynard.
DAWN BOY. By *Eda Lou Walton*. Dutton. $2.50.
POEMS OF LIFE. By *Stokely S. Fisher*. Kansas City: Fisher, 1615 North 7th Street.
MORE IN AMERICAN. By *John V. A. Weaver*. Knopf. $1.50 net.
FIFTY POEMS. By *American Poets*. New York: Academy Press. $1.50.
ENGLISH POEMS. By *David Blunden*. Knopf.
JANUARY GARDEN. By *Melville Cane*. Harcourt, Brace.
LOST HILLS. By *Anne Ryan*. The New Door, 4 Christopher Street, New York.

## Religion

PROJECT LESSONS ON THE GOSPEL OF MARK. By *Nellie C. K. Wadhams* and *Luther A. Weigle*. Century. $2.25.
A NEW STANDARD BIBLE DICTIONARY. Edited by *Melancthon W. Jacobus, Edward E. Nourse*, and *Andrew C. Zenos*. Funk & Wagnalls. $7.50 net.
THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND THE FREE CHURCHES. Edited by *C. K. A. Bell* and *W. L. Robertson*. Oxford University Press. 85 cents.
DEUTERO-ISAIAH. By *Reuben Levy*. Oxford University Press. $1.75.
THE IDEA OF FAITH IN CHRISTIAN LITERATURE. By *William Henry Paine Hatch*. Strasbourg: Université de Strasbourg.

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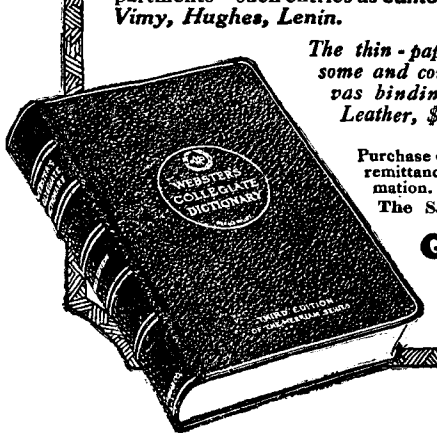

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# Trade Winds

MR QUERCUS having gone away for a short holiday and Mr Amherst being laid up, or down rather, with a bad rheum as he expresses it, I am in charge of the shop this week and an awkward time was had. For it appears that most of the customers of Mr Quercus's shop are readers if not subscribers to *The Saturday Review* and know more about books than the booksellers. Mr Quercus, who is spending his holiday visiting other bookshops in town and writing me postcards about them, says not to worry about the customers; just let them alone and they'll find what they want; but it is ambarrassing to be so uncertain about the author of the "Panshatantra" and I often wish I had been more faithfull in my Vassar curriculums. Writing a Trade Winds is so like doing themes for Burgess Johnson. And often they, the customers, don't want anything but just a quiet place to argue.

But what I wanted to say was, it is interesting to hear the customers arguing about *The Saturday Review*, which we keep on sale in the shop, and a handsome man with a beard was remarking that in spite of the misprints which are so entertaining a feature of the paper and which the attractive young salesman, although he has not yet read any of Dutton's Today and Tomorrow Series which I think are *enormously important*, says are going to be O K now the printing is again done in New York, there is really less bunc in it than in almost any other bookish paper; why he said (I mean the customer, or visiter rather, with a beard) look at that issue of recent date; that piece by Mary M. Colum about "No More Parades" is absolutely *right*; these novelists who are writing just out of their nervous systems are simply wonderful for the readers of *The Dial* and *The Mercury* but of course they will never do for us. Or there's Ernest Sutherland Bates, struck in another customer, he certainly had the right slant on that undignified book by Goldberg about Mencken. (Not Goldberg the cartoonist, Goldberg the Ph.D.) Of course that sort of thing is ridiculous, I said; and I agreed with Mr Arnold Whitridge in his review of "Keats and Shakespeare," I don't suppose you can reduce the explanation of poetry to the poet's autobiography. Why look at Shakespeare, we have no autobiography but we have the poetry all the same.

The customers or visiters have a habit of loitering about the shop a good deal without buying much, which is the great disadvantage of an intellectual bookshop, of course Mr. Quercus is lucky because of his uncle in the pastry business he does not *have* to sell many books. Amherst, who is really rather a good egg in spite of many immature ideas gathered from what I call the Junior Prom idea of life, wants that while Mr. Quercus is on his holiday we should really try to build up some trade for him, but this rheum of his has rather put the whole thing on my shoulders.

"The thing I like about *The Saturday Review*," said Amherst—I find myself thinking over his remarks afterward, even if I disagree—is that it is quite critical sometimes, for instance how critically it reviewed people like Carl Van Vechten, Fannie Hurst, Stuart P. Sherman and Chris Morley, giving them all a run with the carpet-sweeper. Well surely you don't put all these people in the same class, I said, they are as different as possible. Of course that's ridiculous. I really *was* surprised when Amherst told me, by the way, that Joad the Obscure, as we call him, had written another book before "Thrasymachus," a book about contemporary philosophy, and I have ordered it. What I like about "Thrasymachus" is that it is exactly what I had thought out for myself long ago, last summer in fact, and a great deal of it written down.

It is difficult to run a shop single-handed and I have to trust one of the customers to take care of things while I go out for some lunch and to take this to the office of *The Saturday Review*, which will be a tremendous adventure; it would not be safe to trust just any of the customers but this particular one is a little boy not long out of Dartmouth who seems reliable and has been loitering here a good deal. I hope Burgess Johnson will never see this article but it is my first attempt at what he used to call Expository Prose. The last thing Mr Quercus said as he left was not to worry and remember the old story about the man who took a friend for a drive with his rapidly trotting-horse. "What is that cemetery?" asked the anxious passenger? "Oh," said the horseman, "those are milestones."

JOCUNDA.

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# The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

LOLLY WILLOWES. By *Sylvia Townsend Warner*. (Viking Press.)

MICROBE HUNTERS. By *Paul De Kruif*. (Harcourt, Brace.)

THE LETTERS OF JANE AUSTEN. Selected by *R. Brimley Johnson*. (Dial Press.)

*H. C., Merion, Pa., asks for ten books, fiction and biography, to be circulated by a group of ten readers who are not restricted to best sellers and are willing to take a chance on anything that has greatly pleased the Reader's Guide.*

FROM bulging shelves, from piles of new books rising steadily in corners like stalactites—or is it mites?—under the drip of the publishing season, these ten books have been chosen by hand as well as by eye. For when a book held in the hand sends along the nerves a sense of gratitude, like the keys of your own piano under the fingers when you have been away over the week-end, then that book means something to you. New as these novels are, here are five to which I have already become attached: "Thunder on the Left," by Christopher Morley (Doubleday, Page), "The Elder Sister," by Frank Swinnerton (Doran), "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," by John Erskine (Bobbs-Merrill), "Gertrude Haviland's Divorce," by Inez Haynes Irwin (Harper), and "The Venetian Glass Nephew," by Elinor Wylie (Doran).

The reasons why I direct the attention of this group and, through them, of certain readers of this department, to each of these novels, are in essence the same: each one may—I don't say it will—open for a reader a new landscape of the mind, show him something unsuspected in the adventure of living. Reading Mr. Morley's book may be a major experience, like getting converted or falling in love, or discovering that you have begun to think in a foreign language. From reading "The Elder Sister" it may be possible to take on something of the attitude to life in which it is written—an acceptant serenity. Very old people, if they are still interested in life, will sometimes tell you life-stories in this tone, speaking calmly of disaster, spending no breath in indignations; they have known for a long time how the story came out. The beauty of Mr. Swinnerton's style is that he can without affectation use this serene and acceptant tone while yet he is young: as he did in "Nocturne," which of all his novels this one most resembles. Possibly this may be the tone the Creator takes toward his creatures and some of it goes with the possession of creative power.

"The Private Life of Helen of Troy" is one of those proofs with which the iron-headed should be from time to time provided, that having brains does not interfere with having fun. When this idea sinks into the minds of producers, they will see why the Grand Street Follies, that travesty the spirit of current plays, are ten times funnier than ruder burlesques mimicking only their tricks and gestures. It takes brains to get out of Dr. Erskine's book all the fun there is in it, and it certainly took brains to put it all in. But in the process, what an elegant time everybody can have! "Gertrude Haviland's Divorce" is the only strictly realistic novel of the five, a sober and reasonable book, long enough to give everyone a fair chance, even the *tertium quid* and the children, innocent bystanders. It is not a book to generalize from or about: indeed it seems to show, on the evidence in one case, that domestic complications cannot be standardized, however often they recur in the world's history, for every time they happen they hit those concerned with the freshness of a tornado in the Garden of Eden. This woman wins in the end because she went after her problem as if she were the first human being ever set to solve it.

"The Venetian Glass Nephew" came out before Christmas, but so unusual a book will make its way slowly and, unless overtaken by some such catastrophe as "Jurgen's," only to a select company. Perfect simplicity could take it as it stands: any child could, though probably no child will, enjoy the story of a youth fashioned of Venetian glass, whose loving wife, lest they hurt one another too much, has herself *vitrified into porcelain. But it is one of the* compensations for simplicity to be able to get, as anyone with the right ears will do, the over- and undertones of this tender melody; and as for the climax, the re-entrance of the transformed Rosalba, it sweeps aside for one heart-shaking moment the brocaded curtain of allegory. If these are too light to satisfy the serious-minded, he can always tie the two volumes of Theodore Dreiser's "American Tragedy" (Boni & Liveright) about his neck and jump off into a sea of realism. When he comes to the surface in the last chapter he will either be ready to fight anything or be in no condition to care what is going on.

For biography the choice is fairly obvious: Carl Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln" (Harcourt, Brace) first: what a book to keep one reading on and on! Katie Leary's reminiscences, set down by Mary Lawton, in "A Lifetime with Mark Twain" (Harcourt, Brace), especially for reading aloud. It must be very comforting always to know just what is best for everybody, like the heroine of this book. As for Frederick C. Howe's "Confessions of a Reformer" (Scribner), I find it so absorbing largely because he is not at all sure just what is best for anybody else, which shows that he is a reformed reformer. How absorbing I found it may be inferred from the fact that I began it on the way to the White Mountains and lifted my eyes from the last page to discover that we had been passing through a blizzard and that the diner had been taken off without my patronage. Those who read "My Garden of Memory" will find in Nora Archibald Smith's "Kate Douglas Wiggin as Her Sister Knew Her" (Houghton Mifflin) a record of her life even more charming. Last of the lot, I do not know whether to count "The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion in the Year 1764," by Miss Cleone Knox, the treasure lately revealed here by Appleton, as fiction or biography; I suppose there must be a catch in it somewhere, but why be exigent when there is so much laughter at one's disposal between these gold-and-silhouette covers? These brisk reports of adventure in Ireland, England, Paris, Switzerland, and Italy are amusing enough when they concern Miss Cleone herself and famous folk like kings or Voltaire, but the keenest savor comes from tracing the career of her brother as he bats about the map. Leaving Ireland, his father's joy, Paris has already dented his principles, and they blow up in Venice with an escapade comparable only to that of Frank Stockton's famous monk of Siberia.

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# The Phoenix Nest

IN the notable brain of *C. E. Montague*, chief leader writer of the *Manchester Guardian*, his latest book, "Rough Justice," has been a number of years maturing. Now it emerges. Doubleday, Page are bringing it out, and it is certain to be worth buying. * * * This Spring will witness the appearance of *Robertus Love's* "The Rise and Fall of Jesse James," a book that we began to bring to your attention early last year, when it was still finding a publisher. Putnam is the lucky house. * * * Mr. Love grew up in the Jesse James country, he knew Frank James personally, and he has long been in communication with the only surviving member of the famous robber band. * * * If we had the arrangement of the American hall of fame our first two choices would be *P. T. Barnum* and *Jesse James*. Our next would be *Brigham Young*. Others that we might include would be *Boss Tweed* and his destroyer, *Thomas Nast,—Boss Croker, Laura Jean Libbey, Horatio Alger, Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill Hickok, Calamity Jane, John L. Sullivan, Diamond Jim Brady, Amos Rusie, Gyp the Blood, the Wolf of Wall Street, Carrie Nation, Burt L. Standish, Crazy Horse, Sockless Jerry Simpson, Steve Brodie, Chuck Connors, Rutherford B. Hayes, The Yellow Kid, Chester A. Arthur, Ward McAllister, Big and Little Harpe, Old and Young King Brady, Sitting Bull*, and *Josh Billings*. * * * As one cons over the great names in our history, what a gorgeous spectacle presents itself. They should *all* have biographies! * * * The Drama House of 108 West 59th Street has kindly sent us a guest card and a program and prospectus. * * * We note that they have been putting on *James Branch Cabell's* "The Jewel Merchants" staged by *Bruce Conning* (By Courtesy of the Author). * * * For students of crime: from Stokes we note the announcement of thirty-eight stories, some hair-raising, of "Famous Crimes and Criminals," by *C. L. McCluer Stevens*, and "Unsolved Murder Mysteries," by *Charles E. Pearce*. * * * These volumes ought to appear in March. * * *

*Think of* John Williams, *murderer of the Marrs,—*
*Think of* Mary C. Rogers, *who used to sell cigars,—*
*Think of the creepy* Dr. Harvey Burdell,
*And, if you feel sleepy, of* H. H. Holmes *as well;*
*You will sit up all alert, you will say,*
"What's that!"
*(Just the wind blowing, merely the cat!)*
*Nothing thrillier with fright, though nothing absurder,*
*Than to sit up all night reading stories of murder!*

* * * *Elizabeth Sanxay Holding* is an interesting novelist, several of whose books we have enjoyed in the past. This Spring she will have a new novel, "The Shoals of Honour." * * * *Ellery Sedgwick* brought to this country late last year the manuscript of *Sylvia Thompson's* "The Hounds of Spring." Miss Thompson is only twenty-four years old, being born in Scotland in 1902. Mr. Sedgwick is enthusiastic about this novel of hers. * * * At the recent annual meeting of the National Association of Book Publishers, *John Macrae*, of Dutton's, discussed the attacks on the present price of books. He contended that publishers know from actual fact that books are not too high, "but rather too low in price for the best interests and general health of our business." * * * Returning to our American Hall of Fame, here are two volumes coming from Holt that seem right up to the street of our predilections. The first is *Charles B. Cochran's* "Secrets of a Showman." Mr. Cochran is an Englishman, but the people he has known include *Richard Mansfield*, the *Guitrys*, *Tom Thumb*, *Aubrey Beardsley*, *Georges Carpentier*, *Florence Mills*, *Duse*, and *Delysia*. * * * The second book to which we refer is "Forty Years a Gambler on the Mississippi," by *George Devrol*. This is the tale of a champion rough-and-tumble fighter of an heroic age. Here are such yarns as Mark Twain heard in the pilot house. My, how we lick our chops in anticipation of that book! * * * The same firm announces *Guy De Pourtelos's* "Franz Liszt," translated by *Eleanor Stimson Brooks*, and *Romain Rolland's* "The Game of Love and Death," translated by *Van Wyck Brooks* and *Eleanor Stimson Brooks*. * * * Also, *Edith Sitwell's* "Poetry and Criticism," the latest of the well-known series of "Hogarth Essays," containing Miss Sitwell's entire theory of the art she practices so brilliantly. * * * *Will Beebe* will have two publishers this Spring. Putnam is bringing out "The Arcturus Adventure" and Holt "The Log of the Sun." This latter is one of Mr. Beebe's earliest books, but also one of his most fascinating. "The Arcturus Expedition" is, of course, a chronicle of his latest adventure to discover the secrets of the Sargasso Sea and the Humboldt Current. * * * *E. H. Stone* writes:

> I am glad you recommended "Stranger Than Fiction," the history of the Jews by *Lewis Browne*. It was given to me by our pastor, and I have been distributing it with wild generosity. I think it one of the best written and sanest little histories I have ever read.
>
> But do you know who the author is? I've seen two dinner parties spoilt and one week-end party ruined by heated debates about Lewis Browne. Some say he must be a Jew, for no Gentile could have so intimate a knowledge of the subject. The consensus of opinion, however, is that he is a Christian, for no Jew could be so free from prejudice, in telling the story. Some say that he is a Rabbi who was unfrocked a few years ago for his radicalism. Others say he is a Unitarian minister. Do you know?

* * * No, we don't. But, since there seems to be so great a divergence of opinion, will not some of the readers of the *Nest* supply us with the facts? * * * *Ethel Chase*, the delightful portrait painter, has done some fine oils of *William McFee*, *Van Wyck Brooks*, *etc.* * * * *William Edwin Rudge* has been making books of three plays by *David Garrick*, printed from hitherto unpublished MSS, of "Persephone," a poem by *John Drinkwater*, of "Peronnik the Fool," by *George Moore*, and of a portrait gallery of American editors, "Being a Group of XLIII Likenesses by *Doris Ulmann* with Critical Essays by the Editors and an Introduction by *Louis Evan Shipman*." The price per copy of the last-named volume will be thirty-five dollars, 350 copies for sale, typography by Goudy. * * * In case you don't know the New York City address of the Printing House of Rudge, it's Fourteen West Fortieth Street, telephone 7126 Longacre. * * * In recognition of the semi-centennial of the opening of the Johns Hopkins University, to be celebrated in 1926, a meeting in commemoration of *Sidney Lanier* and of his association with the university in its early years was held in the main hall of the Peabody Institute on the evening of Thursday, February fourth. * * * Our own tribute to Sidney Lanier is that he wrote "The Marshes of Glynn," "The Hound," "The Ballad of the Trees and the Master," and "How Love Sought for Hell." * * * A volume of poems by a young American poet that will appear this Spring, and is worthy of a note, is "Not Poppy," by *Virginia Moore*, the first volume of a young woman who has contributed to many of the important magazines of verse in this country and also to literary periodicals. * * * This will be a Harcourt book. * * * Did you read *Felix Riesenberg's* "P. A. L."? Well, "Vignettes of the Sea" is another aspect of this master of the famous School Ship Newport. Here are short nautical essays with a truly salty tang. * * * Even as we write the above there appears a post-card from Louis Untermeyer, who has been on an eleven-week transcontinental trip, lecturing. He says his time has been passed "entirely in the eye-states: Iowa, Indiana, Illinois," and that he has half completed a poem that begins,

*O pack me a grip for a trip on a ship where*
*the scene at least is variable—*
*For East is East and West is West but the*
*Middle West is terriable!*

* * * *Babette Deutsch* has won the *Nation* poetry prize this year, and we hasten to extend her our congratulations. Her poem was published on Tuesday in the Midwinter Book Number of the *Nation*. * * * She is the author of two volumes of verse, "Banners" and "Honey Out of the Rock." * * * Her prize poem is entitled "Thoughts at the Year's End." * * * We are glad that a special second prize was awarded to *Leonora Speyer* for her "Ballad of Old Doc Higgins,"—for we heard Mrs. Speyer read this ballad at a Book and Play Luncheon, and we thought at the time that it was a rip-snorter. * * * *Elinor Wylie* tells us that she considers "Lolly Willowes, or The Loving Huntsman," by *Sylvia Townsend Warner* (Viking Press) "perfectly enchanting." She now places Miss Warner even ahead of *David Garnett*. * * * Therefore, thanking you very kindly for your attention, and regretting if we missed seeing you at the Beaux Arts Ball, we subscribe ourselves

THE PHŒNICIAN.


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# The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M HOPKINS

### AN HISTORIC OCCASION

ON February 15, in the evening, the Melk copy of the Gutenberg Bible, consigned by Edward Goldston, a London bookseller, will be sold at the Anderson Galleries. This will be an historic occasion and it is probable that the Anderson Galleries will have a larger attendance than it has had since 1911 when the Hoe copy of the Gutenberg Bible was sold, bringing the sensational price of $50,000. The consignor claims that this copy is one of thirteen known complete copies, the others being all, or nearly all, in national libraries.

The story of the discovery of this rarity was first told at length in these columns last summer, when a personal letter written by Mr. Goldston was printed. A portion of this letter will be of special interest at this time. He said:

"On the sixth day of July I first heard that a Gutenberg Bible was in the market and I expected to see it at Cologne. The next morning I left London and on reaching Cologne was surprised to hear that I had still another day's journey to make before I could see it. I made up my mind to go after it, and next day went to Vienna where I heard that it was still forty miles away at the Melk Monastery.

"As soon as I arrived at the monastery I inspected the book and determined at all costs to possess it. The price demanded was high, but considering the beauty and rarity of the book, I at once fixed the contract price and left for London to make the arrangements about the cash. Fortunately this was not a difficult matter and after a few hours in London I left again for Vienna. Within a fortnight I was back again in London with the two volumes of the Gutenberg Bible in my possession.

"This copy belonged to the famous Melk Monastery, where it has been treasured for 300 years and is still clean and in perfect condition, and is fully described in Schwenke's supplementary volume to the "Gutenberg 42 Line Bibles" published by Insel Verlag of Leipzig. Several difficulties presented themselves on account of the authorities in Vienna not wishing to let the copy leave the country as it was much better than the one in the Vienna National Library, with which I compared my copy page for page. However, I succeeded in carrying my treasure home and am the proud possessor of the one book in the world which a real bookseller would like most to own."

When Mr. Goldston undertook to secure a purchaser for his find he found that the greatest interest was shown in America, and naturally he turned to the Anderson Galleries to help him. Of course there is great interest in this coming event and much speculation as to what it will bring. The consensus of opinion seems to be that the successful bidder will have to pay a record price, probably somewhere in the neighborhood of $75,000.

### FORTHCOMING SALES

ON February 15 and 16 rare books, illuminated manuscripts, autograph letters and historical documents, the property of various consignors, will be sold at Sotheby's in London. The rarer items include a collection of works by and relating to John Milton; Spenser's "Færie Queen," 1590-96; Barclay's translation of "The Ship of Fooles," 1570; a manuscript Bible of the 13th century; Fourth Folio of Shakespeare, 1685; Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," 1576; the autograph manuscript of Wilde's "The Harlot's House"; presentation copies of Robert Browning; and fine autograph letters of Burke, Dickens, Washington Irving, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Louis Stevenson, and manuscripts of De Quincey and Tennyson.

On February 15 and 16 first editions of three centuries of English literature from the library of R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, will be sold at the Anderson Galleries. Among the rarer lots are such items as Matthew Arnold's "Alaric at Rome," 1840; Boswell's "Life of Johnson," 2 vols., morocco, by Zaehnsdorf, 1791; Ritson's "Scottish Song," 2 vols., London, 1714, with Burns's autograph in Vol. I; first edition of Cocker's "Arithmetick," London, 1678, only 3 or 4 known perfect copies; Dickens's "Pickwick Papers," in the original parts, London, 1837, contains all the points enumerated by Eckel and de Ricci; autograph manuscript of a verse of four lines, written on 1 p. 4to, inlaid, by Edward Fitzgerald and used by him for the metre of his translation of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam"; Goldsmith's "The Vicar of Wakefield," 2 vols., 12mo, Salisbury, 1766; a unique extra-illustrated copy of Irving's "History of New York," 2 vols., extended to 3, extra-illustrated by the insertion of 20 drawings, and 45 other well selected illustrations; Queen Elizabeth's copy of Thomas à Kempis's "The Imitation of Christ," London, 1589; autograph letters of Charles Lamb; John Milton's "Comus," London, 1637; rare first edition; Alexander Pope's copy of Milton's "Poems," London, 1645, first edition; and many other volumes equally rare and desirable.

On February 17 and 18 first editions of American and English authors, Grolier Club and Private Press publications; inscribed copies, autographs of celebrities; including the collection of the late Brandreth Symonds, M.D., of Tompkinsville, N. Y.; and selections from the library of Ralph E. Samuel of this city, will be sold at the American Art Galleries. This sale includes such rarities as Samuel Butler's "Erewhon," London, 1872; first edition of Mark Twain's first book, "The Celebrated Jumping Frog," New York, fourth and last instalment of Bret Harte's autograph letters; first editions of Lafcadio Hearn; publications of the Kelmscott Press; letters and first editions of Charles Lamb, etc.

Two chests of official records of the Confederate Navy, which were probably brought to Washington from Richmond in 1865, have been found by the Navy Department officials and it was said today that the documents would prove a valuable addition to the historical records. They will also assist the government in supplying information to Southern States.


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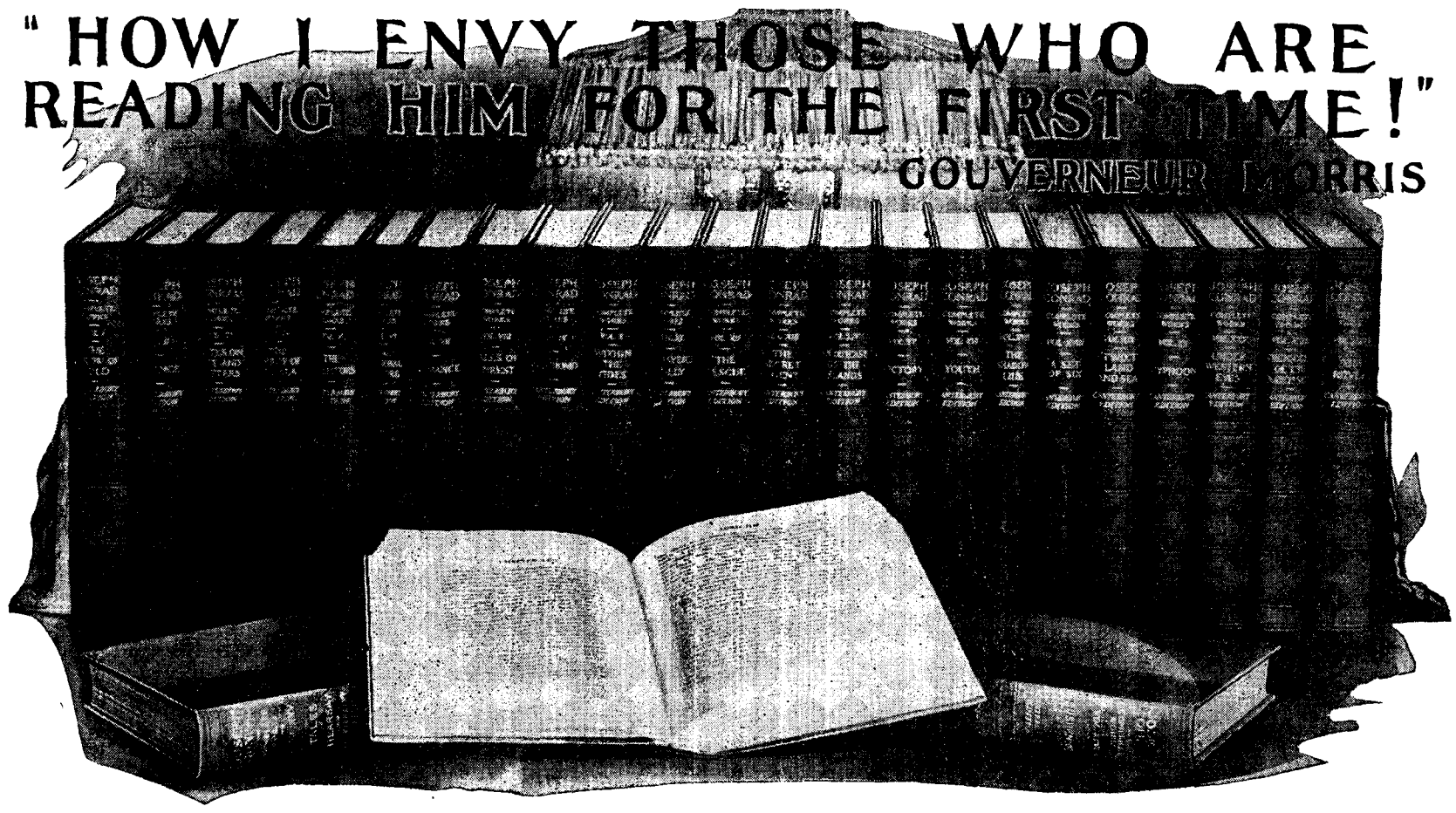


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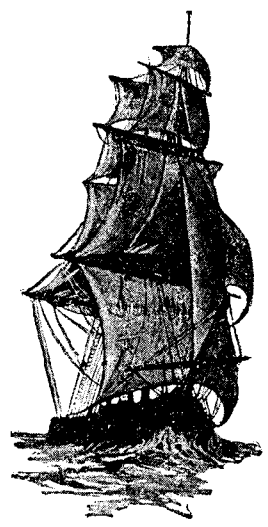

WHAT a life was that of Conrad! Once, a little boy in Poland, he put his finger on a map and said, "I shall go there." He had pointed to the Congo, in deepest Africa. In later years he did go there, and if you wish to know what he experienced, read *Heart of Darkness,* "the greatest piece of descriptive writing," says Ellen Glasgow, "in modern English prose."

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